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MAYFAIR

Vol. 20 No. 1

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BIG AND BOUNCY: CHARLOTTE OUR DANISH DREAM

Top Models for 1985

TRACY DIXON
nude at last

SIAN ADEY JONES
new Bond beauty

MAYFAIR

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Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 20 No. 1

ABC net paid circulation 341,273

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Cover:

MAYFAIR
£1.20
Top Models for 1985
TRACY DIXON
nude at last
SIAN ADEY JONES
new Bond beauty

Cover model: Alison Fairbanks | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Alison Fairbanks | thread
    1. post
- Anne Letten
    1. post [partial]
    2. post [partial]
- Charlotte Brøndberg as Charlotte Bronberg
    1. post [lower portion, partial]
- Christa Ludwig as Jenny Hamilton | thread
    1. post
- Marianne
- Sian Adey Jones
    1. post [upper portion, partial]
- Tracy Dixon, GotM
    1. post [partial]
    2. post [mixed, partial]
    3. post
- Virginia Lane as Claudia Bennett
    1. post

BARE IN BUDAPEST

AMAZING BUT GENUINE PICTURES FROM THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL

This unofficial photographic tour of Budapest has fallen into our hands. Shot by a man who prefers to remain anonymous, it shows a new side to the Communist city

Budapest

tels
HungarHotels
CUKR

Planning your holiday? How about a trip behind the Iron Curtain to fun-loving Budapest. Forget what you hear about Hungary being the second most repressive regime in the Eastern bloc. Our Communist comrades can be as broad-minded as any Westerner, says our guide Marianne. First stop on our tour is the Royal Palace (previous page). Once the home of the Hapsburgs, it is now the national gallery, and Marianne's 34-23-34 frame looks as pretty as a picture. Then it's time to take a few liberties above the Liberation bridge spanning the Danube. The view is breath-taking, don't you agree? Next Marianne demonstrates how to fire one of the Citadel's cannon, before stopping off at a nearby cafe for a drink. Notice how the Hungarians take everything in their stride. Or are these strolling Magyar minstrels really KGB men in disguise?

HungarHotels
HungarHotels
HungarHotels

I love you
BUDAPEST

Statuesque Marianne then showed off a Hungarian souvenir in front of the Liberty Monument. The teeshirt reads, 'I love you, Budapest,' and is on sale to capitalist tourists. The stockings and suspenders are less readily available. Fortunately the members inside the Parliament building didn't spot Marianne above them in the picture near right, or else she may never have made it back across the border. But the cabbie outside the Coronation church seemed only too happy to offer her a lift to the top of the Citadel again for a spectacular view over Budapest. And while all the reds were tucked up in their beds, Marianne provided a glimpse of the best of the Western world backed by the lights of the capital. And still no sign of the police – the salt mines of Siberia will have to find another guide.

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Anne

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

The tree-lined lanes, secluded coves, and historic towns of Devon make it a popular venue for British holiday-makers. A few more may add it to their list of places to visit when they learn that it is also the home of 21-year-old Anne Letten. Anne lives just outside Plymouth, deep in the country, and freely admits to being a rural girl at heart. But these days she is forced to travel to London more and more, because, thanks to a 37-26-36 figure, her modelling career is taking off, and that's where most of the work is.

Anne was brought up on a farming estate in the tiny village of Loddiswell. Her first pre-occupation was her three ponies, Magic Star, Varooska and Little One, which she loved riding around the Devon countryside. When the family moved nearer town, Anne developed hew interests. She took her first steps on the road to a modelling career four years ago, and has been appearing in front of the cameras intermittently ever since. Her first jobs were local ones, modelling in fashion shows and for local businesses. Then

work began to flood in from every angle – some offers extremely unusual. One photographer invited her to do a photo-session in a wet suit, which he claimed was for a photographic magazine. After clicking away for hours, Anne suddenly realised that the man had no film in the camera.'I beat a hasty retreat after that,' she told us. She was also offered a job posing with an accomplice around the beauty spots of the South West – until she realised that the accomplice was a full-grown chimpanzee on roller skates.

When Anne isn't working – with or without rolling-skating chimps – she has firm views about what she likes to do for fun. 'I steer clear of discos,' she told us. Instead, Anne likes to sample the delights of any one of Devon's pubs and wine bars. 'I have no "local" as such,' she claimed. 'I like trying as many different places as I can.' So readers could spot her almost anywhere in the South West. Anne also admitted a liking for candle-lit dinners, though she added, 'I don't go to nearly enough.' After this appearance, we imagine that a lot more offers will roll in. Our lazier readers will also be heartened to hear that Anne is no sportswoman. The only game she ever attempts is tennis, and then, she admits to being pretty bad at it. Her ambition is to travel, she says, particularly to Canada, which appeals to her because of the majestic scenery which is so different from the greenery of Devon. Since *Mayfair* is available there as well, we're sure that a Canadian offer of work will arrive soon. And there's one thing we are sure of – the world will be hearing and seeing a lot more of full-breasted Anne soon.

The girls you've asked to see

Presenting

Sian Adey Jones

top model and Bond's new beauty

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

When top model Sian Adey Jones made her *Mayfair* debut in Vol 18 No 9, your reaction was instantaneous. The issue sold out within days, and we were inundated with requests to feature her again. Now we grant those wishes as we show the sensational 25-year-old once more. Sian's modelling career took off when her 35-23-35 figure won her the title of Miss Wales at the age of 18. Appearances on *Page Three* followed, then national acclaim.

Then at the height of her fame, tragedy struck when she was involved in a serious car crash. She had no fewer than 100 stitches in her face, and many believed that her beauty would be lost forever. They were wrong. Following a six month extended holiday in the United States, Sian returned fit, confident, and as beautiful as ever. After a celebratory party at her favourite London club, *Stringfellows*, she was ready for the cameras again. In fact, she has just finished filming in Florence for the new Roger Moore James Bond film, due out next summer. She told *Sunday* magazine, 'I was flattered to be chosen. Every beautiful girl in London wants to be a Bond girl.' Asked her secret, she said, 'I've learned to make my body talk in the sexiest possible way.'

Mags.net

With success has come famous friends. She herself told of a 'week of bliss' with Lee Majors, and recently has left Japanese photographer Narul Inul for male model and dancer Adrian Hewet, her current companion. In a frank interview in the *News of the World*, Sian told of her attitude to sex. 'It keeps you fit and healthy, and I love it,' she said. 'I can be very gentle as well as really wild in bed. I don't scream and claw every time. I can be extremely tender as well. I like to let a man relax, and then the love-making becomes so much nicer.' A pleasant thought.

Introducing—for the first time ever—the nudest
Tracy Dixon

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

The girls you've asked to see

We have regularly beaten our rivals when it comes to bringing readers the best in famous and beautiful girls, but now we have scooped them all again, as we delightedly reveal top model and actress Tracy Dixon in her first ever nude session. For several years Tracy has been a regular *Page Three* girl as well as making many appearances in the *Star* and the *Daily Mirror*. Her 36-24-34 figure and pretty face prompted many letters from our readers, and our file has grown so large that a special effort had to be made to feature Tracy before all our offices became swamped.

Tracy has always refused to strip off completely for photographers, but luckily she is a friend of Joni Flynn, herself a top model who has appeared in *Mayfair*. Tracy eventually agreed to let Joni's husband, regular *Mayfair* photographer Donald Milne, whisk her off to the beautiful Mediterranean island of Menorca for a week's shooting, and these charming pictures of the sexy 20-year-old are the result. 'Just because I did these pictures does not mean that I am going to drop my pants for any photographer,' Tracy told us. 'It's just that Donald is always so persuasive. It must be his soft Scottish voice, or something . . .' So keep this issue somewhere safe as it is likely to become a valuable collectors' edition.

Tracy's modelling career started when she was 13 years old and began appearing in teen magazines. But then her breasts soon developed, and by 16 she was a regular *Page Three* bird. Now her career is taking off in other directions. She has appeared in various commercials including a video for the rock band Broken Edge, and bubble bath and shower ads for TV. Tracy has also appeared in several editions of the *Grumbleweeds Radio Show*, a TV comedy series, where she has played a schoolgirl with pigtails, and a nurse. You might also have spotted her in the TV series *Studio* where she played a rock star's girlfriend. Now Tracy is moving on.

On the big screen, she has recently had a large part in a spy thriller, *Eve Island*, playing a beautiful double agent. Tracy, who commutes between Rotherham and London, loves basking in the Caribbean sun, and that's where you'll see her soon – in an ad for Old Parr whisky. It features her swimming underwater, but not alone. She's accompanied by an eight foot manta ray!

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
TRACY DIXON

Alison

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

Twenty-three-year-old Alison Fairbanks sat back in her favourite armchair, and reflected on her varied career in modelling. It had started four years ago parading the spring and autumn collections of a top London fashion house. Then she made her first appearance in front of a camera, in a £2,000 evening dress – borrowed, she hastens to add – before revealing her 34-22-33 figure for us.

'Some fashion models regard it as a kind of moral suicide to appear in anything more revealing than some designer's latest creation,' she said thoughtfully. 'Personally I feel my body is as attractive as any of the clothes I have worn, so why not show it off? Otherwise I am no better than a

WorldMags

manikin in *Harrods* window.' It is her ability to make her own decisions, and guide her own career that has, she says, made her the success she is, with a house in a Hertfordshire village, and a Lotus Elan in the drive. 'I've never been exploited by a man in my life,' she insisted firmly. 'Sorry, feminists!'

Alison's taste outside work is equally eclectic. 'I seemed to grow out of discos when I was about 16,' she said. 'And pubs and wine bars seem somehow so . . . insane. I'd rather spend my money on something less ephemeral.' This explains why her wardrobe is bursting at the seams with sophisticated outfits. 'I would wear silk all the time if I could,' she said, pointing out an elegant black backless dress. 'It would make me feel great even if I had to go to the dentist.' And what of the men in her life? 'You're right to use the plural,' she smiled. 'I like anyone with lively conversation.'

Charlotte

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER FLODQUIST

The female figure provides a wide range of possibilities for fantasy. Some men dream of girls with a lovely slim waist. Others like a curvaceous bottom. Many like ladies with large breasts. Rarely does a girl combine all three, and a pretty face as well. But at only 18-years-old, Charlotte Bronberg has attained just that, with a 38-22-36 body that is quite stunning to look at.

Charlotte lives in Denmark's bustling capital, Copenhagen, in a flat of her own in the city centre. As well as being convenient for the capital's night clubs and discos, her home is also handily placed for college. The five feet eight inch beauty is currently studying all aspects of office work, so as to add secretarial skills to her undoubted charm. She has only taken up modelling recently, and still reserves this part of her occupation for evenings and weekends. She specialises in 'live' work, modelling underwear at fashion shows. However, the photographic side of her work is taking off. She has just returned from a fashion shoot in Norway, and has reached the final ten in the Danish heat of the latest *Penthouse* Pet of the Year Competition.

What with secretarial college work, live and photographic modelling, Charlotte does not have a lot of time for hobbies. However she did manage to tear herself away to Austria for a ski-ing holiday with her parents, and is said to be a wow on the slopes. She also likes horse riding, and dancing in the nearby discos. However, if you happen to spot her in a Copenhagen club, don't insist on buying her a drink. Charlotte doesn't touch alochol. She'll be happy to accept the offer of a cigarette instead. You might also be surprised by her adult attitude to life. She has brains as well as beauty, and that's a combination to set all of us dreaming.

Jenny

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER BERG

According to her astrologer, 1985 is going to be a fantastic year for 20-year-old Jenny Hamilton. She will embark on a new and prosperous career, meet the ideal man, and be seen wining, dining and dancing in the most fashionable and exclusive places. But then the astrologer concerned may be a bit biased. 'I've been doing my own forecasts for three years now,' said Jenny, 'and I admit that I do cheat a bit as far as my own are concerned.' Did she foresee her appearance in *Mayfair*? 'Oh yes, that was easy. I was the one who instigated it,' she told us. 'I was determined to end the year with a bang, so I dragged a photographer into a studio, and told him to shoot me. He did, of course. He's an Aquarius – they always do what you ask.' Jenny makes her predictions from her home in Dunoon on the banks of the Clyde, and has a steady stream of friends asking for advice. 'I'm brutually honest with *them*,' she said with a grin.

WorldMa

If Jenny's forecasts come true, we will be seeing a lot more of her 34-23-34 frame in the future. 'I'd love to go into acting or modelling full-time,' she said hopefully, adding that she was bored with her current job as a company secretary. She would also like to make a break into television. 'I think I'd be the ideal replacement for Russell Grant on *Breakfast Time*,' she smiled. 'Mind you, I can't see myself getting up ready for work at five every morning.'

Claudia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

As a temp, Claudia Bennett reckoned that her most vital statistic was her 80 words-per-minute shorthand. Her male bosses would disagree, and in fact so many were distracted by her sumptuous 37-24-36 figure that she decided to mix modelling with her secretarial work. She hasn't looked back. The 27-year-old from Hammersmith is now even more popular outside the office than at her desk, and when we spoke to her last she seemed likely to desert it for good.

Her first job was as an office junior for a West London firm, then she took to temping because, she said she liked the variety of working in a different office each week, and meeting new people. Claudia's interests at school included sport, and she still plays a lot to keep fit. She's also a demon on the squash court, and equally keen on badminton and tennis, often having a fast game after work to 'relax'. Her other exercise is walking her two dogs, Samson, a noble black labrador, and Penny her lively, little Yorkshire terrier.

Claudia started modelling when she was offered a job posing for a local photographic club. She thoroughly enjoyed it. 'I didn't feel shy at all in front of the camera,' she told us. In fact, straight away, she knew that it was the career for her. Away from the flash bulbs, Claudia's hobbies are diverse. Apart from sport, she also enjoys reading, especially romantic novels, and dancing the night away in her favourite disco. *Pantiles* in Bagshot, Surrey. When we asked her how she would describe *her* choice of romantic hero, she was unequivocal, 'Dark, sporty, with a hairy chest,' she replied at once. 'A sort of badminton-mad Burt Reynolds.' Since models must always look to the future, we asked our tame astrologer for her predictions for Claudia. 'She's a typical Leo star sign,' she pointed out. 'Her love of sport is characteristic. And of course a Leo girl would have to have *two* dogs. However, her greatest attribute is her nobility which you can see comes over in the photographs. She will go far.'

WorldMags

SCENE

Once again *Mayfair* has beaten its rivals, as we bring you the first ever nude photographs of *Page Three, Star* and *Mirror* favourite, Tracy Dixon. These exclusive pictures were taken by photographer Donald Milne whose wife, top model Joni Flynn, was the one who persuaded Tracy to reveal all her 36-24-34 figure for our readers. Apart from topless newspaper appearances, Tracy is also becoming quite a regular on television. As well as commercials, she has been spotted in rock videos, in TV drama, and making her comedy acting debut in Granada TV's *Grumbleweeds Radio Show* (see picture top right). The comic showband had her playing a nurse, a schoolgirl, and generally joining in their zany antics. Tracy's set begins on page 57. Treasure it, Tracy insists that she wouldn't have done it for anyone else.

Making this an extra-special start to 1985, this month we also bring you another chance to admire top model, Sian Adey Jones. When Sian appeared in our Vol 18 No 9, she made it a sell-out within days. So many have asked to see her again or were not quite quick enough the first time, that we searched around for some more shots of the sensational ex-Miss Wales. The super set of Sian starts on page 38.

We've said that you see things first in *Mayfair*, but now here's further proof. A reader spotted this letter in *Private Eye* recently, from James Everard Howe of Manchester.

'Dear Sir, May I say how much I enjoyed the cartoon by Reading on page 18 of *Eye* 589 about Sherlock Holmes tours of London.

'The timelessness of its humour is demonstrated by the fact that I found it just as amusing as I did when it appeared in the January 1976 edition of *Mayfair*.'

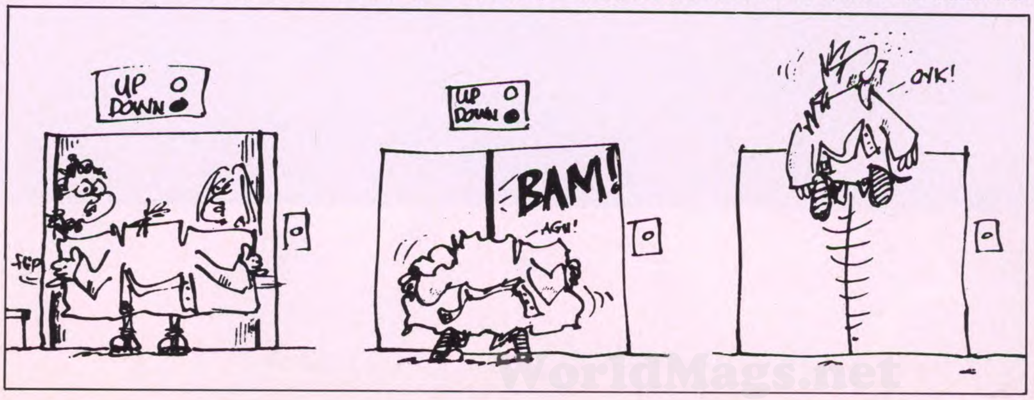
To borrow a phrase, 'Shome mistake surely . . .'

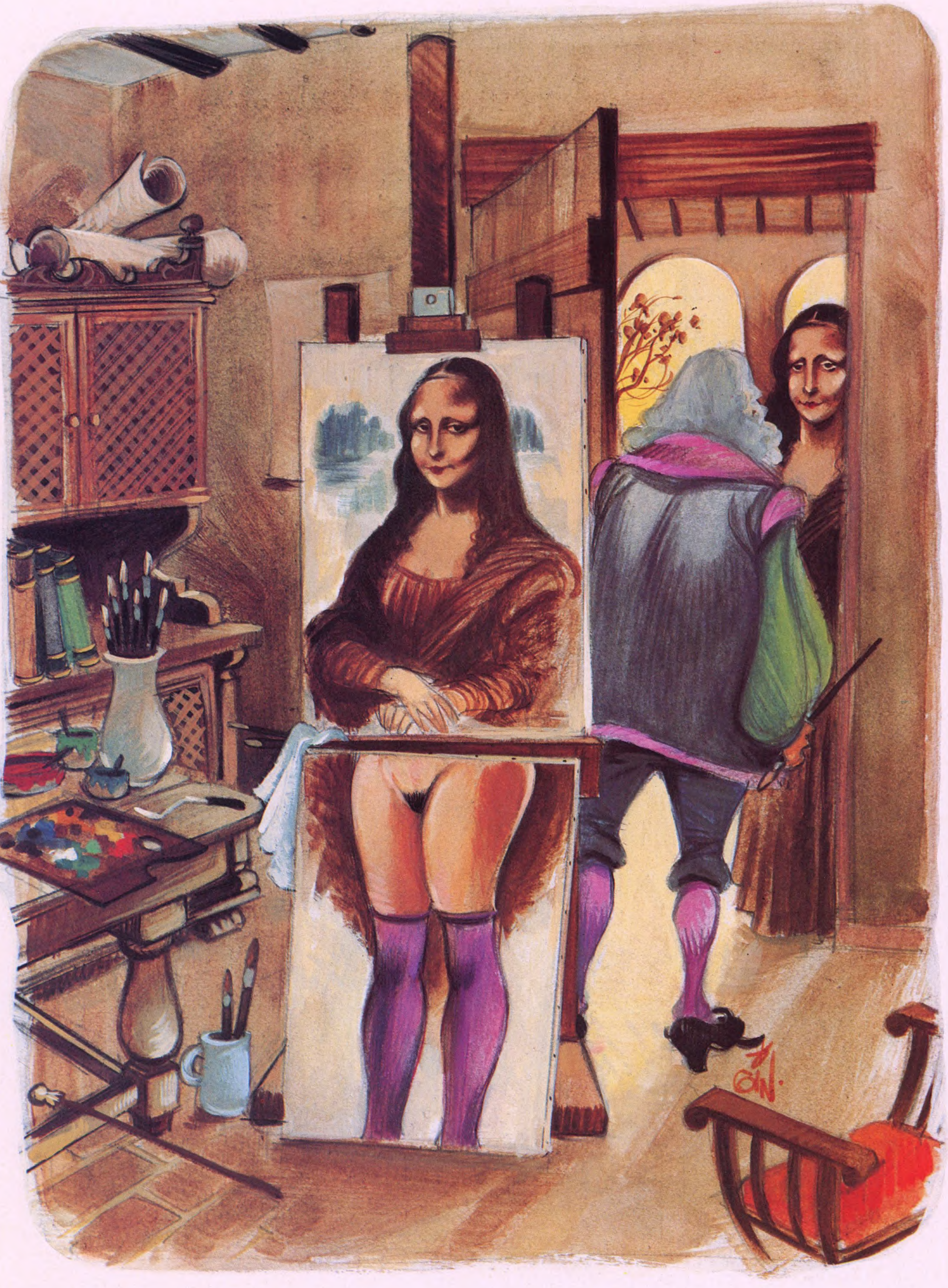
Drinkers are opting increasingly for the quiet life. That's the conclusion of a poll conducted by Rawlings, the makers of Canada Dry Mixers. Their figures show that more and more people are choosing to drink at home, partly because of prices, but also because of the atmosphere in many pubs and clubs. Contrary to many publicans' belief, customers require no more background music and electronic entertainment. Some 60 per cent of customers polled said that they felt there were quite enough juke boxes already, and an amazing 83 per cent did not want any more electronic games. The Space Invaders will just have to turn back.

Tracy Dixon (far right) on The Grumbleweeds Radio Show *with Jimmy Savile impersonator Robin Grumbleweed and Jim himself.*

Being a flasher can have its problems, as another exposé of the life of the world's most famous show-off proves. Cartoon character Flash Filstrup – 'the fastest overcoat in town' – is the creation of Peter Plant, and his misadventures are detailed in his latest book *Filstrup Flashes Again*, published by Arrow, price £1.25. 'Flash' knows no fear, exposing himself at office blocks, university campuses, and even flying aeroplanes, always with amusing consequences (the problems of flashing at ladies in lifts are illustrated below). However, even Flash Filstrup might keep wrapped up in this weather. Rumour has it that he can be seen leaping out at young ladies, and describing himself.

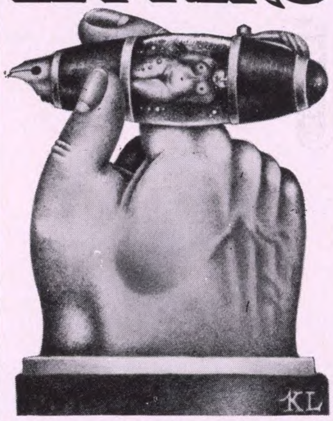
In Vol 18 No 12, *Mayfair* featured a fabulous cavalcade of Dinky toys past and present. The tremendous reaction to that feature showed us that amongst our many readers are a good number of model car buffs and lovers of nostalgia. Perhaps they, and the many fans of our frequent vintage and veteren car pictorials, might like to know of the latest collectors' item from those excellent miniature motor manufacturers, Matchbox. The 'Connoisseur's Collection' is a limited edition set of six Models of Yesteryear in a handmade beechwood case. The six vehicles from the formative years of the motor industry, are extremely detailed. Only 20,000 sets are to be offered for sale in the UK, and the models will never be issued again – each set coming with its edition number and a specially signed certificate of authenticity. It comprises of a 1911 Model 'T' Ford, a 1911 Daimler, a 1910 Benz Limousine, the Packard Landaulet from 1912, 1911's Maxwell Model GAR Roadster, and a 1909 Opel doctor's car. To complete the nostalgic feel, the special set is being offered at an old-fashioned price – 75 guineas. For further information contact Roger Ainger of Matchbox Toys, *240 Lincoln Road, Enfield, Middlesex.*





'Oh, I didn't expect you back so soon. Just a minute . . . I have to clear away another canvas I've been working on.'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I read in a *Mayfair* letter that Sian Adey Jones had appeared in the magazine, but I missed it. Will she be appearing again?
AME, Clydebank

I suppose another set of the sensational Sian Adey Jones is out of the question? I'm not ungrateful about all the other *Girls You've Asked to See*, but she is the best.
BEM, Brighton

Wait no longer, gentlemen. Sian Adey Jones is making a welcome return to our pages in this issue. Her stunning nude set begins on page 38.

I enjoyed your feature *Tank Busters* in Vol 19 No 11, but would like to make a couple of points of my own.

The picture on page 92 is captioned, 'American troops of the second world war load a hollow charge rocket into the bazooka.' But readers may be interested to know that this is not a bazooka but an RPG54, which was a German invention from which the bazooka was copied in 1943. The major differences were in the design of the trigger guard, and the RPG54 had a 'blow-back plate' which the bazooka lacked.

Another interesting feature of the picture is the erasure of the soldiers' unit markings by the Censor.

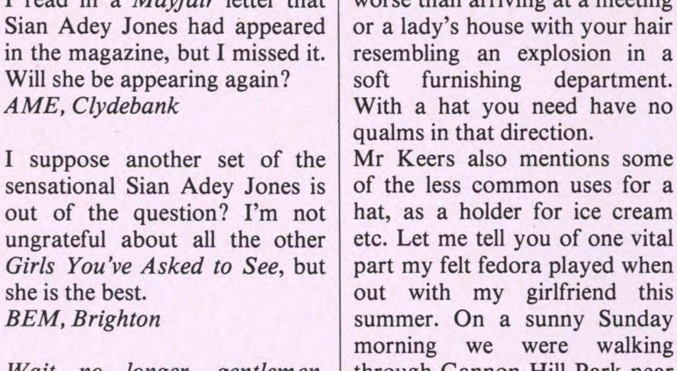
Thank you for a fine article.
AB, Wigan

May I heartily concur with Mr Keers view in Vol 19 No 11 that a man is made by a hat. I have been a 'hat-man' for more years than I care to name, and would say that it is, without doubt, one of the most useful articles of clothing a man can acquire.

With a hat, there is no need to worry about carrying a brolly – always a cumbersome item. Also it is fine protection against gusts of wind. There is nothing worse than arriving at a meeting or a lady's house with your hair resembling an explosion in a soft furnishing department. With a hat you need have no qualms in that direction.

Mr Keers also mentions some of the less common uses for a hat, as a holder for ice cream etc. Let me tell you of one vital part my felt fedora played when out with my girlfriend this summer. On a sunny Sunday morning we were walking through Cannon Hill Park near when I live. My girl (I shall call her Diana in this letter) was wearing a short white skirt and high heeled shoes, and we were holding hands romantically. Then her pace slowed suddenly. My immediate fear was that one of her heels had broken, but, no, it was worse.

She leaned over, and whispered in my ear, 'My knickers are coming down.' Without giving away her secret to anyone else, we hit on a plan. As soon as they fell into view, we'd stand still, let them fall, and I would scoop them up as she stepped out of them – hopefully with the minimum of fuss. It worked like a dream – stop, drop, step, pick-up, then oh! No jacket pocket, just a shirt and tight trousers, in which to hide the faulty pink undies. Of course! Under the hat they went – still warm what's more!



'You were, I presume, somewhat less than happy with that last putt?'

So the fedora saved us from embarrassment. Or rather saved Diana. Just as I reached the gate of my house, I spotted my neighbour, busy-body Miss Pringle (name changed). Naturally, I was politeness itself.

'Hello, Miss Pringle,' I said politely raising my hat. Her face, as a pair of frilly pink panties dropped over my brow, was a study.

Yes, I take my hat off to all sorts of head gear. If you can no keep your hat when all about you are losing theirs ... then you are a man, my son.
JRE, Birmingham 13

We can no longer wait. Please print one of the following:

1) The girl who talks on the phone in the Telecom ad.
2) The girl who brings the Martini to the directors on roller skates.
3) The girl in the 'Last a Lifetime' Sony Trinitron ad.
4) The girlfriend from the Guinness ad set in a doctor's waiting room.
5) The barmaid from the above who says, 'It won't take a moment.'
6) The girl from the Ultravox video for *Love's Great Adventure*.
7) The girl in the old Yorkie ad who has her leg up on the bumper of her broken down car.
8) Shirley Strong.
9) Diana from *'Allo 'Allo*.
10) Michelle from *'Allo 'Allo*.
11) Any female member of staff from Shrewsbury Technical College under the age of 25.
12) Any girl from the above.
13) Any nurse from *The Young Doctors* (except Sister Scott).
14) Jill from *Sons and Daughters*.
15) The girl from the library scene of the C and A ad, who steps down from a step ladder, and walks to the other wide of the man.

We 15 members of *Mayfair* Fan Club would like you to publish one of the above. We'll send you another list soon.
'The Fan Club', Shrewsbury

We've managed the first one. Helle from the Telecom ad appeared in Vol 19 No 10. We're working on the rest.

It was interesting to read the letter from a correspondent in Vol 19 No 11 praising the role of prostitutes. I too have used the services of profesional ladies, and must also express my admiration for them, both as people in their own right, and the services they offer.

On various business trips abroad I have had encounters ranging from the bar girls of the Far East, and the whores of New York to a teenage miniature Brigitte Bardot lookalike in a brothel in Sao Paulo, Brazil. She, incidentally, displayed an expertise way beyond her tender years, and gave me one of the most erotic nights of my life, introducing me to delights which even you would not allow in print.

Back home in Britain, each of our cities possesses its own distinctive scene. London is very expensive compared to the provinces. Many of the girls in the capital have come down from the Midlands and North, and soon get the idea that they can charge a lot for a little. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule.

From my experience, the prettiest can be found in Nottingham, and it was there that I encountered Sandra (name changed), whom I met through a friend of mine. She was a fantasy come true, only 17-years-old, five feet two inches tall, 32-19-33, and looking like a fairy princess from a children's picture book. I became one of her regular visitors, and would often stay all evening, usually having 'gone without' for up to two weeks before a visit.

Sandra may have looked like a nymph from a Pre-Raphaelite painting, but her versatility knew no bounds. I'm not ashamed to say I once even orgasmed whilst she gently stroked me up against her belly, and described what we would do together that night in detail.

In short an amazing lady, and I'm glad to have met her, under any circumstances.
(Name and address withheld)

Regarding your *Girls You've*

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blakoe
blakoe SUSPENSORY RING & ENERGISER

Blakoe gives you more sex power

Blakoe, the name that guarantees performance and satisfaction in lovemaking.

Dr. Robert Blakoe's original research into male sex problems has produced the Blakoe Energising Ring for impotence and partial erection problems. The Blakoe Energising Ring is backed by Doctors' clinical trials and testimonials from all over the World.

Subsequent scientific investigation produced the Powermaster Penis Developer which is now the product leading Sexologists recommend because of its effectiveness in achieving greater length and girth of the male organ.

Testimonials:
"The Blakoe Suspensory Ring has worked wonders with me. And when I say wonders I mean wonders" AB
"I must say the energising ring is fantastic . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser'" . . . Physician M.B., Ch,B.

blakoe

Blakoe Limited
229 Putney Bridge Road,
London SW15 2PY

Please send me under confidential plain cover, full details of: Dr. Blakoe's Energising Ring, including clinical tests and testimonials+Powermaster Penis Developer. (FREE) ☐

OR SEND FOR:
Energising Ring (standard) £19 ☐
Measurement* ....
Adjustable Energising Ring £33 ☐
Measurement* ....
Powermaster Super 9″ or 12″ £90 ☐
Size required ....

Name__________________
Address__________________
____
____
________Post Code________

*Pass a piece of string underneath and behind the testicle bag; take both ends above penis base. Measure length of string when it is pulled comfortably tight.

I understand that you guarantee complete privacy and will not pass my name to sex firms or clinics.

All major international credit cards accepted. Give number. Overseas orders add £3 for airmail.

The copper-bottomed Blakoe guarantee.
I understand that if I wish to return any item ordered from Blakoe within 14 days of receipt, I will get full refund of my money without question.
Blakoe have been in the sexual aid business longer than anyone else. You can trust their guarantee.

The unique Blakoe confidentiality guarantee.

Blakoe Limited, 229 Putney Bridge Road, London SW15 2PY

LETTERS

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Asked to See spreads, can I nominate the model who appears in the Boots No 7 cosmetics television commercial? If you can't feature her, could you at least tell me who she is?
A Meechan, Birmingham 23

The lady in the Boots No 7 ad is Sophie Ward, a 19-year-old model. Sadly she is unwilling to appear in the magazine but is pleased that you enjoyed the advertisement.

Following the success of a recent cartoon book called, *101 Things to Do With a Dead Cat*, I am thinking of launching my own personal sequel. It's entitled *101 Things to Do with Samantha Fox's Enormous Boobs*. Here are my initial suggestions.
Ear muffs, a letter rack, a cycle stand, a vegetable strainer, shelves, downhil ski-ing practice, coat hooks, a head rest, water wings, a tea cosy, weight training, a bus shelter, a window box, and, of course, an extremely attractive way of modelling your lingerie.
I look forward to hearing other readers, ideas for those twin peaks of perfection.
LL, London E9

One often sees advertisement for erotic lingerie and sex aids to help people with their love lives. But I would like to tell you about a young girl from next door who helped my husband's sex life – and didn't even know it.
My husband Paul (name changed) and I had been to the pub for a Sunday lunchtime drink, before coming home for our meal. As we put the car in the drive, we noticed the 17-year-old daughter from next door. Jane (name changed) was wearing a black leather mini-skirt, and a white blouse which had four slits in the back. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. I could see Paul having a good look, as she was sunning herself on the front lawn, and I could also see a big bulge in his pants.
It was clear what needed to be done. I went upstairs to our bedroom, which luckily overlooks our front lawn, and our neighbours where Jane was. I took all my clothes off, moved a chair over to the window. Then I called downstairs to Paul, went to the chair and bent over the back of it, so that my bottom was pointing up in the air teasingly.
When Paul came in, he immediately went into action. He undressed, then put himself in a position where he could see Jane outside. As he made love to me, I knew he was fantasising about her. He got going by kissing my buttocks, then he licked my pussy, and grasped me around the waist, so that he could shaft me from the rear. Within minutes he had exploded inside me, while I went rigid with pleasure, and had one of the best climaxes we have had for ages.
We both thank Jane very much for her 'help' – even though she aided us very innocently.
(Name and address withheld)

Is there any chance of tempting Verona from Vol 18 No 1 to do another photo-set, showing even more of what she has between her lovely thighs? Also, in the Calendar/Diary offer advertisement, there is a full page picture of a girl standing by a mirror. Can you tell me if she has appeared in the magazine, and in which issue? Finally could you also let me know which issue has the blonde girl with a bottle of champagne on the front cover?
IMH, Broomsgrove

Let us take those queries one at a time. There are no plans at present to feature Glamorous Grandmother Verona Sampson from Vol 18 No 1, but if we receive more requests we will consider featuring her as a Girl You've Asked to See. *Like all the girls in the* Mayfair *calendar and diary, Harriet Fowler who was in the advertisement for them in Vol 19 No 11, has appeared in the magazine. Like Verona, she was in Vol 18 No 1. The issue with the champagne cover is Vol 16 No 1. Both are still available as back issues. See page 34 for details.*

The following may give encouragement to some of your less fortunate readers. My wife was away visiting her mother with our young daughters, and after three days I was feeling incredibly horny. As there was a dance function on at my local sports club, three roads away, and I like dancing, I decided to

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LETTERS

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make my way there, and seek some feminine company.

By about nine o'clock, I was left with one solitary hope – a lady sitting alone just off the dance floor. She sat with an almost empty glass, and I recognised her as a neighbour from a couple of doors away. I finished my drink, and went over, half expecting her husband to arrive, and asked her to join me in a drink. She smiled, and I returned with a schooner of dry sherry and another lager for myself. I knew that she had five children but was encouraged to learn that her husband was at home babysitting, so I sat down beside her. She was mousey, slim and about three inches shorter than my five feet eleven. Her figure was not spectacular, and she was shy and quite retiring. However her face was a sunburnt brown, and she had a lovely full mouth, so I decided to try my luck.

As we talked, she moved closer listening attentively to what I was saying. She did not say much, so to keep her interest I asked her to dance. It was obvious that she was an excellent dancer. It was a great surprise, for I pride myself on my dancing. We clinched and swung away to a fast number, and I held her close, as though we had known each other for years. As we sat down again, her eyes were shining, and she said that she had been looking for a dancer like myself since she was a teenager. After that we did not miss many dances, and really enjoyed ourselves.

By the end of the evening we had had quite a few drinks, and felt warm as we walked back to our road. At the end of it is a tiny park, and as we approached, we turned into it automatically as if it was on the way home. In the darkness of the overhanging trees, we stopped and I grasped her around the waist. I turned her towards me, and pushed my erection into her. She didn't say a word, and I thought that I had spoilt everything. Especially when she left me, and started towards a small wooden hut used by the bowls club. I followed her, and when I caught up with her, she stopped and faced me. I unfastened her coat, and braced her against the wall, whilst at the same time unzipping myself and bringing out my cock. I raised her dress, and positioned myself by her fanny. Then I moved her briefs to one side, and got my left hand to her buttock, with my fingers inside her panties. I grabbed her other buttock with my right hand, and pushed my cock into her.

It all happened so quickly, but I remember finding my knob-end obstructed part of the way in, and urged her to open her legs. Then I slid in up to my balls. I felt her arms clasp my shoulder, as I stroked quicker and quicker, then I shot, pumping away all my pent-up feelings. As I was squirting, I felt her hand patting me between the shoulder blades, as if to comfort me. Then she leaned her shoulders back, and pushed out her fanny to make it easier to keep my semi-erection inside her, then gently pushed her legs together.

Without a word from her, her open mouth met mine, and a very firm tongue was searching around. Under this treatment, I swelled again, and she spread once more. This time I was able to perform slower, so as to let her feel her own orgasm coming on. She gave a little groan each time I moved, until neither of us could take any more. As we French kissed, she orgasmed, and I jerked inside her.

Soon after she was mopping up with my hankie, and I kissed her warmly telling her that my wife was away, and to visit any time she could. I kissed her goodnight at her drive then walked off briskly, thinking about the next dance in a week's time – and hopefully another night 'dancing' with my understanding neighbour.

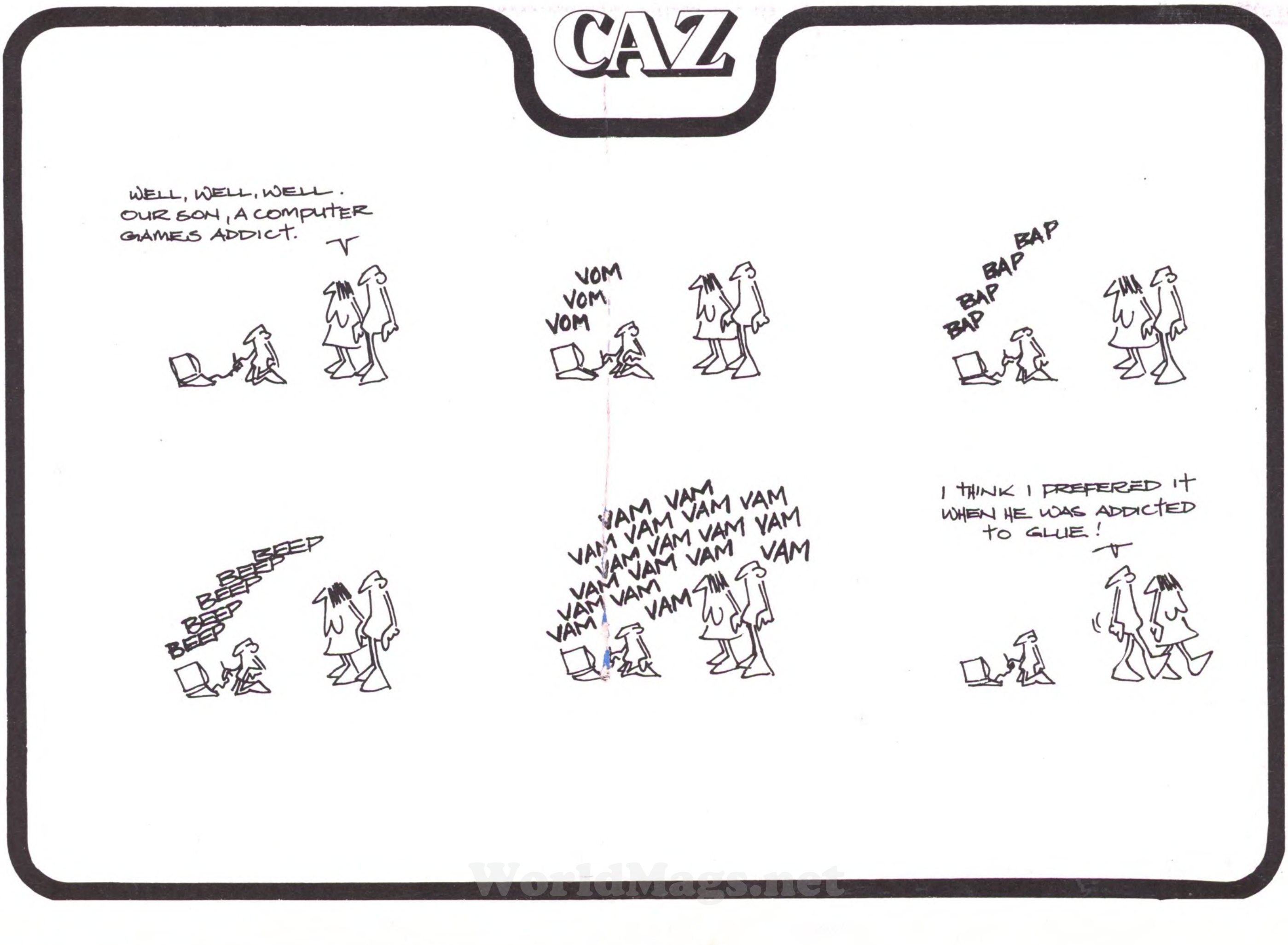
(Name and address withheld)

It sounds like you have invented a whole new meaning to 'slow, slow, quick quick, slow.'

Photographer Donald Milne is not the only man to have found a place for 'relief' when in lonely parts of the world, and desperate for a pee. A sign I spotted on holiday next to a small alleyway read, 'Dogs must not foul the footpath. Pedestrians only.'

ESB, Fulham

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
WELL, WELL, WELL. OUR SON, A COMPUTER GAMES ADDICT.
VOM VOM VOM
BAP BAP BAP BAP
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM VAM
I THINK I PREFERED IT WHEN HE WAS ADDICTED TO GLUE!

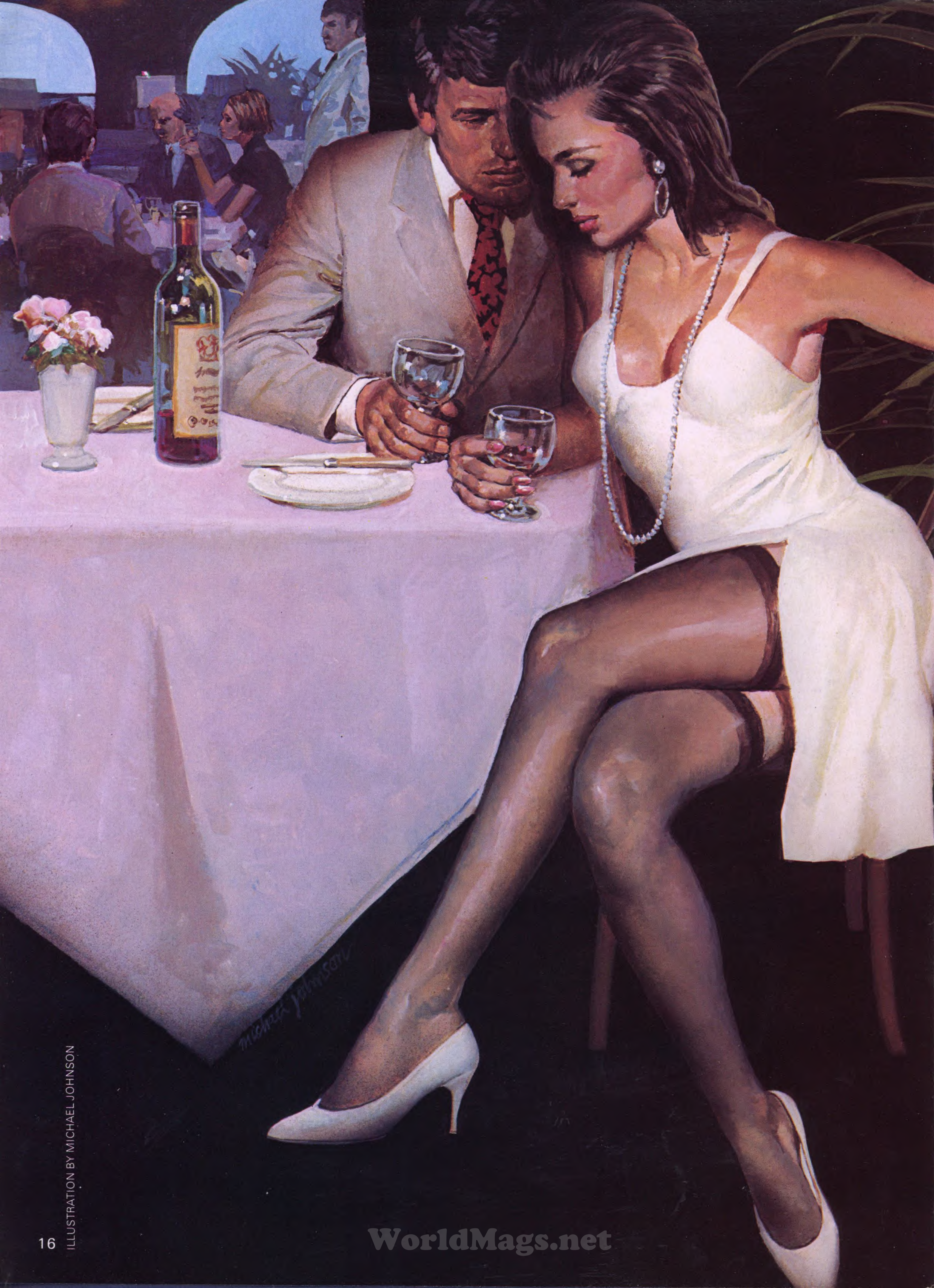

michael johnson

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL JOHNSON

Former Observer fashion editor and outspoken TV personality Molly Parkin proves that she is Britain's leading female author of erotica with this arousing story. It is a tale of feminine passion, frankly written from a woman's point of view

The Vicar's Daughter

Fiction by Molly Parkin

We were introduced in a restaurant. He said, 'Hi.' I said, 'Lo.' And the utter banality of the greeting was so consistent with the surrounding level of brow that I'd deliberately angled myself away from him. We were reintroduced a further five times by mutual acquaintances who appeared immoderately surprised that we didn't already know each other. 'London is a large enough place,' I'd said rather stiffly, 'extending approximately over 700 square miles, with a population of 7,500,000. The administrative County alone covers 75,000 acres. It is hardly surprising, that you and I haven't met before.'

He had stared, and then exploded.

'Jesus Christ! Who the hell are you! Some kinda computerised arsehole or what? Some kinda cunt who farts through her fanny just to prove everyone else is using the wrong place! Is that it – you cute little statistical shit! Listen, we got dames like you back in the States – that's why I chose to live here.' He thrust his large American head towards mine, which meant him leaning down 11 or

12 inches to my five foot two. I permitted myself a small smile.

'It's interesting,' I said, 'that you have adopted already the subtle linguistic nuances of our speech patterns. In that small, unnecessarily emotional, outburst, I noted two quite pertinent examples. Your pronunciation of arse-hole, employed the long "a". All the Americans I've met have employed the vowel "a" in its short sense, thus pronouncing arse-hole as asshole. As if referring to the orifice of a small donkey or a mule. Secondly, my fanny. I take it that by "fanny" you are making reference to that genital area enclosed by my outer labia. If this be so, then you are making use of the English interpretation of the word fanny. In America, "fanny" describes the buttocks. The arse, the bum, the bottom, – need I continue, or have I made myself clear?'

'Quite clear!' he said heavily, and punched me hard on the nose.

I didn't realise that it was broken until the next day. I went home in a taxi after I'd been brought round with the aid of some powerful salvolatile. And I'd been fully prepared to forget the incident.

The blame without doubt fell entirely on me. If I hadn't agreed to attend such a trivial affair as the Gala Opening of *Lalla's French Restaurant*, French as opposed to his other, Italian, then the whole thing wouldn't have happened.

But Lalla was persuasive, I had known him for years. I had concluded some of my most successful contracts in his restaurant. I had spent hours there patiently cajoling sensitive clients, offering comfort along with Lalla's excellent cuisine. Placating irate publishers, persuading hesitant editors, producing untried manuscripts, protecting vulnerable poets, encouraging unsure authors – *Lalla's Soho Italian Restaurant* had provided exactly the right atmosphere. And I wasn't the only one to have discovered this to be so. But the clientele over the last few years had imperceptibly altered.

There had always been a bohemian tradition, as at the *Coupole* in Paris, at *Lalla's*, but I was probably one of the first to use the place as an extension of the office. Now others were adopting the same strategy. There was no reason of course why this shouldn't be so, but of late I had become increasingly irritated by crass conversations from adjacent tables. Snatches and phrases such as 'profit before tax', 'dividends total', and 'reserves to be capitalised', all from young men who looked like top hair-dressers.

'Actually, mother, as far as sex is concerned John and I hardly ever see eye to eye.'

No, I should have known better. It served me right, setting foot outside my own known, chosen milieu. My life as a literary agent provided me with enough emotional satisfaction, enough mental stimulus, enough intellectual excitement not to have to venture into worlds which harboured the aggression I'd encountered in the American.

I swallowed my Pill, and reflected that this was possibly the one area of waste in my life. Pills swallowed without any reason. Contraception precautions practised without any real cause.

I made a note in my diary 'Must contact dick!' and saw with surprise that I'd given Dick a small 'd'. I could just as well have written 'must contact cock!' Though of course it did come to the same in the end. It was perfectly true that, biologically speaking, the course of a person's body doesn't, like True Love, run smooth. That there are ups and downs, urges and needs, unexpected requirements, demands of such violence that they have to be met. It had taken me some years to come to terms with this fact, and in such a way that I could still retain my own self-respect. Dick was one of the outcomes.

Dick was a masseur. I had met him in Soho. I had met him in Soho, on the street, which wasn't normally my practice. He had in a sense, 'picked me up'. He had said, 'Hello darlin'! Are you lookin' for a bit?' And he'd said it with such confidence, such intended familiarity, that I'd stopped and said, 'I'm sorry – do I know you?'

I had been studying the goods on sale in a new emporium opened up in Old Compton Street. I was interested to see that they had, on open display, the same sexual aids which I had had to send away for. How mores do change, I remember musing. To think that my own Vibrator, De Luxe – I decided on De Luxe as a change for the better, when re-ordering – and my small, arousing Love Egg had had to be sent Postally Plain Cover.

I'd smiled as I'd turned away. Dick had claimed that my smile had given him encouragement, that and the amount of time that I'd spent studying the Sex Aids. There was no perfectly good reason why I should not have stood there all day if I'd wished, studying. I'd spent my life studying. I explained this to Dick. He'd said it wasn't normal. That what he did was normal, giving birds, including me, a bloody good fuck.

My nose hurt a great deal. I had taken a sleeping pill on retiring to bed, and so had not experienced much discomfort in the night. It surprised me that, on awakening, the fierce face of the American loomed clearly before my closed eyes. It was a face that I would have noticed anyway, had we been introduced or not. In a different set of circumstances, away from the shallow ambience of *Lalla's* opening – Gerald had been the first to greet me – I might even have found myself interested. The acquaintances who had effected the introductions were, after all, quite human people. Not particular intimates of mine, of course, but nevertheless they were involved in the more respectable shores of the theatrical world as opposed to the purely 'flash Harry' end. I wondered what profession the American pursued. A heavyweight boxer possibly.

My appearance could easily give offence to my colleagues. It caused me no distress, but then I didn't have to look at it. I consulted my office diary; it was perfectly possible for me to stay at home. I had more than a week's work of manuscripts to read, and those luncheon appointments were casual enough to be cancelled.

The American telephoned me on the very evening that I'd decided to ring Dick. 'Hi – how's the snout?' He'd demanded.

My reaction astounded me. I began trembling internally, and had to sit down rather suddenly. I was flabbergasted, not only by the fact that he was phoning, but as much by how on earth he had got my number. Very, very few people indeed were allowed to have my home telephone number.

He repeated his question. 'How's the snout!'

I considered briefly whether or not to put the phone down. I had a sure premonition that not to do so spelt trouble. Trouble, of the nature that I had learned to do without. Trouble in the form of emotional involvement, the sort that completely destroyed concentration. I had no wish for such foolishness. I had no need for masculine distraction. I had spent all week on my own in utter contentment, satiating my physical needs as I did every night with the aid of my Egg and Vibrator.

My trembling increased, and to make matters worse I had burst into an inexplicable bout of violent perspiration. The receiver almost slithered through my fingers. It wasn't difficult for me to imagine almost exactly how he looked, I had conjured his every feature many times in my mind. He looked nothing at all like Dick. But then Dick was very young. Not yet 21. I had made sure he was over the age of consent, not wishing to commit a felony, before I had allowed him to fuck me.

'Honey?' His voice betrayed a thread of concern.

I swallowed hard. My answer, when it came, sounded more distant than I had intended. 'So it's you,' I said coldly. 'Thank you for telephoning. My snout, as you refer to it, has arrived at the penultimate stage of total recuperation. Injury sustained, but recovery almost complete. Does that bulletin satisfy your enquiry, sir?'

'Shit!' His reply sang down the line.

'I beg your pardon?'

'Shit.' He repeated. I was intrigued to note that the drawling growl that he employed for everything he said was actually affecting my flesh. Both my bare arms were entirely covered in gooseflesh. I shivered with a wicked delight. I was actually beginning now to enjoy myself.

'You say "shit", is that right? To what do you refer? To my bulletin, to my snout, or,' I paused slightly for effect, 'or have you sighted some excreta near your telephone?' I waited expectantly for his answer.

None came. Instead, with a sickening jolt of

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The Vicar's daughter

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disappointment, I heard him crash down his receiver.

I had already arranged with Dick to have a ten o'clock appointment. He claimed not to be able to fit me in before. This had irritated me, unduly. I had hoped it would be sooner. 'Well, Dick,' I'd said cruelly, 'I only hope that by ten o'clock your powers won't be on the wane.' He'd laughed. 'Are they ever darlin'! Specially not with you and your randy little cunt! You old women are all the bloody same! It's cock, cock, cock – that's all you ever think about – isn't it darlin'. Now tell me true, do you ever think of anything else?'

'Occasionally, Dick, occasionally I do.' But I'd softened my tones. You couldn't be harsh with Dick. His cheerfulness over-rode all. But the lateness of the appointment now left me with two hours or more to kill.

At exactly five past eight the telephone rang again. This time I was given no chance to speak at all. 'If you don't shovel the shit out of that smart little arse of yours, and get it over here to *Lalla's French Restaurant* in the next 25 minutes, I'm going to come right over there, and smash that recuperating snout straight through your over-articulate skull! Have you got that, you self-satisfied, intellectualising little cunt!' And he slammed down the receiver as he had an hour before. It was the second time this evening that my cunt had been mentioned, I reflected, as I began to change for dinner.

It only occurred to me as I settled back in the taxi that to be seen in *Lalla's French Restaurant* dining with the man who only a week before had dealt me such a spectacular blow, might to some appear to be the height of perversity. The thought didn't distress me. I had no interest whatsoever in the opinion of others regarding myself. I was known in the business as a very shrewd literary agent. I hadn't gained my present respected reputation by playing along with the crowd. I crossed my legs and regarded them. My legs and my breasts were amongst my best features. My nose, I reflected ruefully, had been similarly praised.

The taxi slowed down, I leaned forward, and as I did so a delicious drift of my perfume moved with me.

The taxi driver sniffed appreciatively. 'Very nice!' he said chattily, with a heavy emphasis on the 'very'. 'I wouldn't mind my old woman getting a whiff of that stuff on. French perfume is it? Cost a packet I bet!'

I smiled at the back of his head, and answered with what I hoped was the appropriate manner, just avoiding that hint of condescension. 'Your assumption is perfectly correct – my perfume is indeed from France. It's one by Jean Desprez, called *Bal a Versailles*. I was reading quite recently that our own Queen also uses it. And so, as a matter of interest, does the American actress, Elizabeth Taylor.'

'Actress? Actress – Elizabeth Taylor?' The driver switched off his engine and swivelled round. 'That's a good one!' He guffawed. 'She's got two bloody big tits, but I've never heard her described as an actress before!' His eyes darted to my own breasts, but I was quite used to that. It was my conversation that always put men off. That was why I employed such a succinct conversational style as a form of defence mechanism.

Men's eyes had been darting and hovering over me ever since I was twelve. Twelve and top in my class at school at everything except Religious Instruction. Even as early as twelve my Beliefs felt more comfortable with Darwin than anything I'd perused in the Bible. I doubted the logic of walking on water, of ill-founded tales of fishes and loaves, and serpents offering apples. My scepticism grieved my father more deeply than he'd ever allowed me to see. He was a vicar, and my adolescent agnosticism must have appeared as an open criticism of his chosen and committed way of life. But it wasn't until long after his death that my views became more tempered with tolerance.

Now I would very much have enjoyed a discussion with him on theological topics, we both might have benefitted from each other. My mother's death had followed quite closely upon that of my father. So that I became an orphan one week before my 21st birthday. A funeral instead of the usual festivities, and the key of the door but with no door to open. My mother's death meant vacating the Manse. But I was up at Oxford in any case by then, immersing myself in my studies. The Oxford that I inhabited meant simply more books. I had always gone with the intention of getting a Double First, the day I heard that I had, I decided to get drunk and to deliberately lose my virginity.

It was with this thought in mind that I boarded the tube at West Hampstead, heading for Victoria Station. I'd decided it might be pleasant to lose my virginity by the sea, with a stranger of course. I felt certain that I should find the right person, suitable to the occasion down in Brighton.

The tube train was teeming with rush-hour commuters. I carefully averted my face from those nearest. Any closer and we could all have been kissing. It was half-past eight in the morning, I'd made a nice early start. If all went as planned I'd be back before dark, rather drunk, but quite definitely de-flowered. The tube train clanged to a halt though we weren't at a station. We were tunnelled underground between Oxford Circus and Green Park. My spirits were soaring with all that I had in mind. I ran my tongue over my lower lip, I could almost taste the spray of the sea on my mouth.

Someone, close to my left, stood now watching me. I had seen him on the station, back at West Hampstead. He'd been reading *The Daily Telegraph*, and I'd thought 'what a typical Tory', with his briefcase, and his overcoat and his black bowler hat. He was probably in banking. In which case he should have changed at Oxford Circus on to the Central Line for the City, instead of hurtling with me towards Victoria.

Not that we were hurtling now, we weren't moving in any direction. And what was worse, something appeared to be going wrong with the lights. They were flickering uneasily, and for one full, rather frightening second we were plunged entirely into total darkness.

A murmur of alarm rose along the carriage, small worried signs of sudden fear. There was an imperceptible shift in the overall atmosphere, a hushed sensation of expectancy. I held my breath. I couldn't be sure but I thought I had felt something move, something brushed close against my body. It happened again, this time I was certain. Someone's hand was stealthily taking my own, and guiding it beneath a thick, heavy overcoat. My cold fingers recoiled from the feel of warm flesh. This someone was exposing his person! I withdrew my hand, but despite my prim reaction, a fine thread of excitement was encircling my stomach. I squeezed my thighs tightly together. I had been masturbating, shamefacedly, for several years of course, and had found that if I tensed myself in this particular fashion, squeezing one thigh over the other for maximum pressure, it did provide a degree of sexual relief.

The lights flickered to full strength, to a sigh of assembled relief. I glanced discreetly around those nearest to judge which of them could have made such stealthy and sensual advances. I saw with a deep sense of shock and surprise that the 'typical Tory' had

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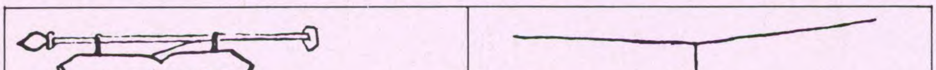

The Vicar's daughter

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insinuated himself nearer. He, I concluded, was the culprit.

I gazed at him quite openly, I lifted my face, and directly challenged his eyes with my own. He looked back without any embarrassment. Instead I could read, without any doubt, the raw invitation he was offering. My own expression must have supplied him with all the encouragement he required. We got out together at Green Park. He was collecting his car. His company car; he travelled. I lost my virginity on the back seat, with his samples. But I saved my return fare to Brighton.

I gave the taxi driver a larger tip than was strictly necessary, not because I agreed with his assessment of Elizabeth Taylor's acting abilities, but because I, momentarily, had lost my faculty for concentration. Within moments I would be seeing the American again. I had taken the precaution of not cancelling Dick, though I was secretly hoping that the evening would continue certainly beyond the hour of my appointment with Dick. I'd soon know in the next half-hour how promising things looked. The American might take the same violent exception to my conversation as before.

Lalla was there, he came forward to greet me. 'You are dinings dis night with one of my favourite mens. I love that Gus Leadenbelly like a brother!' He touched his own nose delicately, with anxious concern. 'Your little nose iss fine now?'

The restaurant was packed although it was only half-past eight. Half-past eight exactly, I prided myself on my punctuality. Lalla skipped before me, his face dimpling, his plump fingers waving, throwing kisses as he went. People hailed us, and we'd pause in exchange of light greetings. I knew a surprisingly large number of the diners, they formed the nucleus of the clientele from Lalla's other restaurant. Our voyage along this long room of friendly tables provided exactly the right easy start to a potentially promising evening. But it had taken approximately nine to ten minutes, so that by the time I arrived at Gus Leadenbelly's table it was almost 20-to-nine.

'You're late,' he growled, and continued drinking, without even bothering to look up in my direction.

I remained standing, Lalla had flown off, flapping his wings in an effort to encompass a fresh batch of arrivals who were streaming in through the door. Gus Leadenbelly and I were alone. I waited for a further acknowledgement of my presence. Quite obviously I was waiting in vain. I glanced around, to remain standing indefinitely, as if in mute attendance to this man, might eventually prove rather humiliating. Already several people appeared slightly amused, I could imagine delighting a far greater throng if Gus Leadenbelly and I gave a repeat performance of our dramatic fracas from the other night. I swallowed my pride, and sat down.

He grunted and lifted a quizical eyebrow then hitched back the cuff of his shirt.

I noted how surprisingly tanned Gus Leadenbelly's wrist was, tanned and lean and aggressively mannish. It was being offered to me now, presumably for comment. 'Very brown,' I said politely. Those were the first words that I had addressed to him. Even now I was prepared to overlook his oafish behaviour, the fact that he hadn't even risen from his seat as most gentlemen would to greet a lady. But then he was an American.

And in a sense, of course, that was one of the things that I personally rather liked about them, the directness of the approach, so that you knew where you were. Though I didn't so clearly know where I was with Gus Leadenbelly at this precise moment. He appeared to be undressing, well – he was taking off his watch, and having taken it off he was now thrusting it in my face. 'What the fuck does that say?' he was demanding.

I studied the large watch; it had an interesting face, completely black with crimson numerals which told the time, in changing seconds, on one small horizontal strip at the top. My own watch was gold with a conventional setting, arranged in the normal circular manner.

I leaned forward, I was mesmerised by the small flashing numbers. The watch went so well with its owner. I was becoming painfully conscious of his fierce electricity. I cleared my throat. 'It says,' I said, reading, 'eight fifty-eight ... fifty-nine ... it says nine o'clock now, exactly.'

He leaned forward, towards me. We both regarded the time. 'Nine o'clock.' He spoke hoarsely, with a tremendous intensity. 'Nine o'clock,' he repeated. 'Which means, you

turn to page 108

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The Vicar's daughter

continued from page 107

crazy dame, that you've just frigged away a full half an hour of our fucking time – and I don't fucking use "fucking" in the pejorative sense, when applied to "time". I use it as a description of what I intend doing to you. I intend – no, for Chrissake, don't start yapping now!! If you don't keep your mouth shut to at least hear me out – so help me I shall empty the contents of this glass over your glossy coiffure, and ram the entire table cloth between those white teeth! Have you got it?! No – *don't answer* – just *nod!*'

I nodded. And he continued to tell me what he intended doing to me. I found it so riveting that I didn't speak once. He ordered for both of us, he claimed that to be important – that we should eat exactly the same food before 'screwing the rocks off each other!'

He insisted on snails to start with, and I thoroughly approved of his choice, and would have liked to have discussed the information, about various old country methods of cooking snails, which is to be found in MS Lovell's admirable book *Edible Mollusks*. But instead I just smiled.

And when we continued the meal with *Rougets à la Meunière*, red mullet fried in butter – I simply smiled again, although I had private reservations regarding the cholesterol count, which I felt were better left unspoken. I should have liked to have sampled Lalla's *Saint Émilion au Chocolat*, since the only time I ever permitted myself to eat anything sweet was at Lalla's. And I'd read as well, when I was allowed a glimpse of the menu, that it included as a sweet, the delicious *Tourte de Citrouille* which my mother had learnt to make after a trip to Provence, with pumpkins and prunes and lots of fresh cream.

But Gus Leadenbelly had decided that we neither of us were allowed anything of this nature. He had cupped my nearest breast, in full view of the whole restaurant, and announced that it was exactly the weight that he would have wished it to be. Puddings, so he claimed, leaning over to fondle the other breast, would impair the perfection of my mammary glands. And he'd twiddled each nipple with a wicked show of enjoyment, winking towards the adjacent tables. I said nothing. I was experiencing a most extraordinary sensation of falling violently and passionately in love.

This man was in his late forties, which made him roughly fifteen years my senior. More or less the same age difference as between Dick and myself. I quite suddenly remembered Dick, and my ten o'clock appointment, as Gus Leadenbelly was ordering our third Grand Marnier. The time now was a quarter-to-twelve.

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The thought caused me to tighten my grip on his penis. He had placed my hand firmly on the burgeoning erection soon after we had toasted each other with the remainder of the second of our Grand Marniers. We were almost the only diners left at our end of the restaurant, my shoulder was starting to ache at having had to hold on so long to his penis, but his own hand kept mine rigidly in place. 'Jesus Christ!' he responded to my tautening fingers. 'You'll have it off if you go on like that! But I like it – quite soon, now, I shall allow you to speak – in a month or two – y'know what I mean, my little honey? No – no, *don't answer* – just *nod*!'

I nodded, and then stood up, pointing mutely towards Dames. He allowed me to depart. There was a telephone in Dames, the least I could do was to telephone Dick, and offer to reimburse him, of course. There was no answer at the other end, simply a line-engaged tone. I knew perfectly well what that meant. Dick always removed the receiver when he was 'fuckin' a bleedin' client'. He quite obviously was fucking a bleeding client now, at this precise moment. I was pleased that he wouldn't be out of pocket on my account, yet even so I would send him a cheque in the post, tomorrow, with a nicely penned apology.

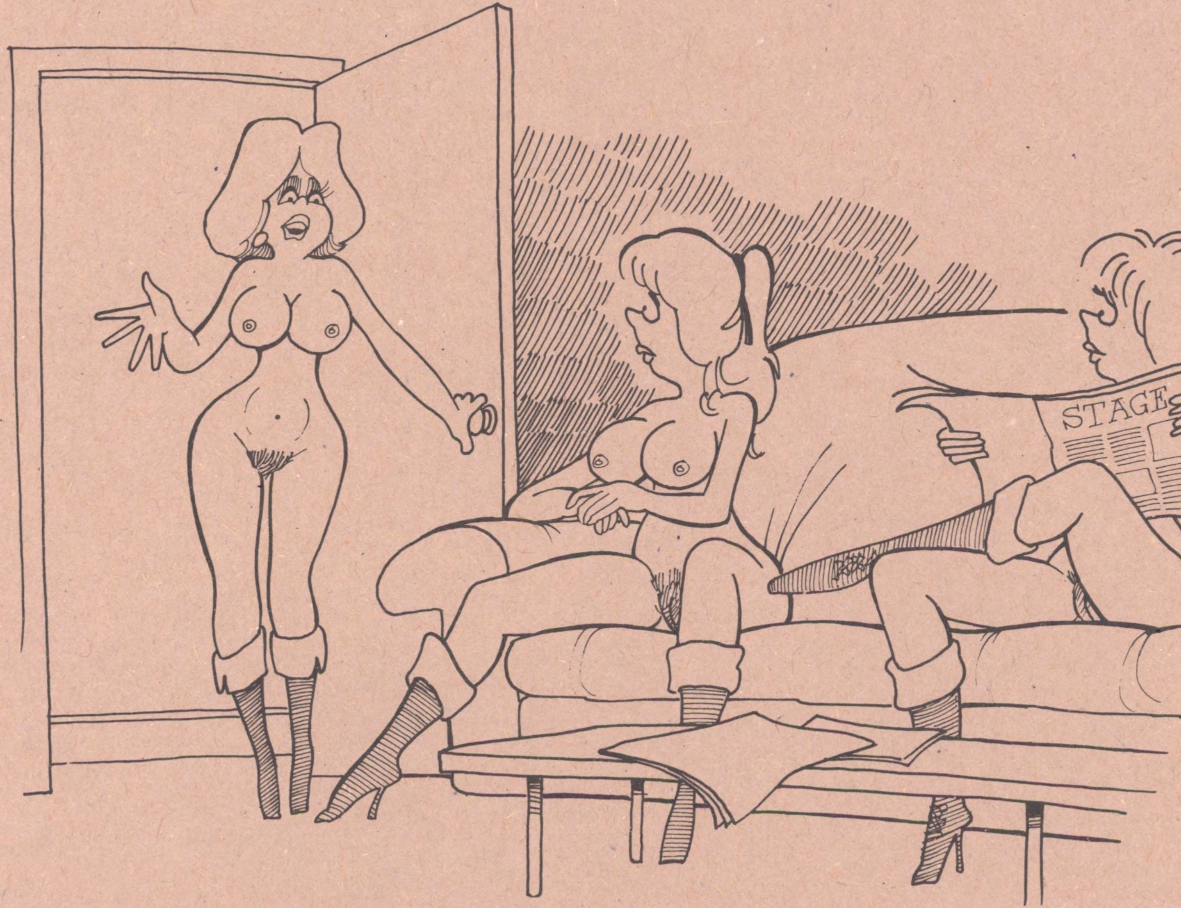
I turned away from the telephone, and entered a cubicle. How strange, I reflected, one's life can become. Rather like Alan Bennett's, 'Life is rather like a tin of sardines – we're all of us looking for the key.' From *Beyond the Fringe*.

I tried to think of another quotation about Life as I gently began to urinate. What did Saul Bellow say? I screwed up my eyes in an effort to remember his words. 'I am a true adorer of life, and if I can't reach as high as the face of it, I plant my kiss somewhere lower down.' I said this out loud as if addressing myself. A thunderous banging began on the door. Gus Leadenbelly had invaded the Dames!

I swiftly re-adjusted my silk underclothing. I was wearing a pair of Janet Reger French Knickers, scarlet, edged with white lace. Then, with dignity I opened the door of the cubicle. We smiled at each other, Gus Leadenbelly and myself, against the background noises of the gurgling cistern, the chain still swinging gently from when I'd pulled it. Gus Leadenbelly gazed at me with the exact expression of the 'typical Tory' on the tube train, the invitation in his eyes blazed passionately into my own.

I should have liked to have said 'yes'. I should have liked to have put into words the emotions I felt. I should have liked to have described the exact sort of setting I would choose, if I could, for our coupling. I should, above all, have liked to have told him that I had been waiting all my life for this moment. And in fact, driven now by my mounting sense of excitement, and the exaltation which whirled through my skin, I did open my mouth with the intention of speech.

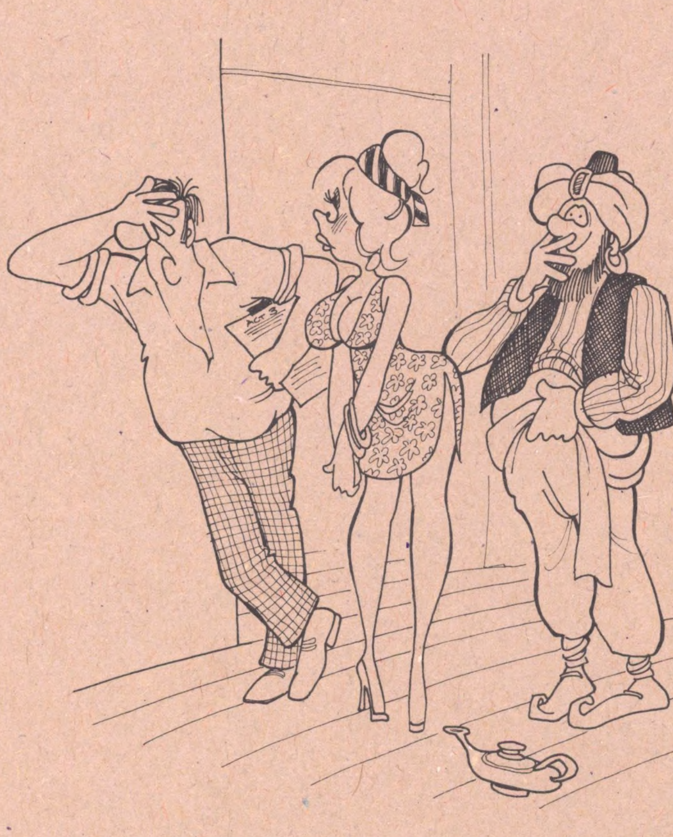
But he spoke first. He said, but very tenderly. 'No, honey – *don't answer* – just *nod*!'



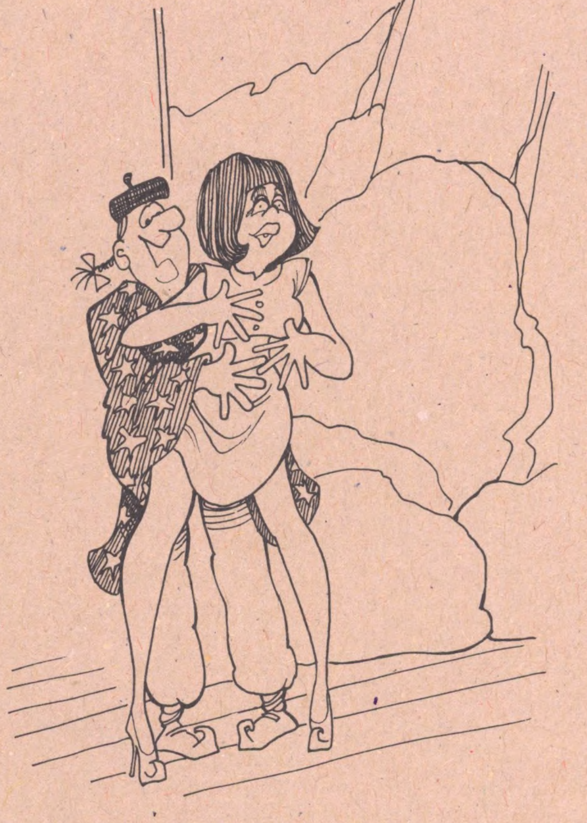
'Is this where they are holding the auditions for Puss in Boots?'

Buttons undone and panto parts exposed

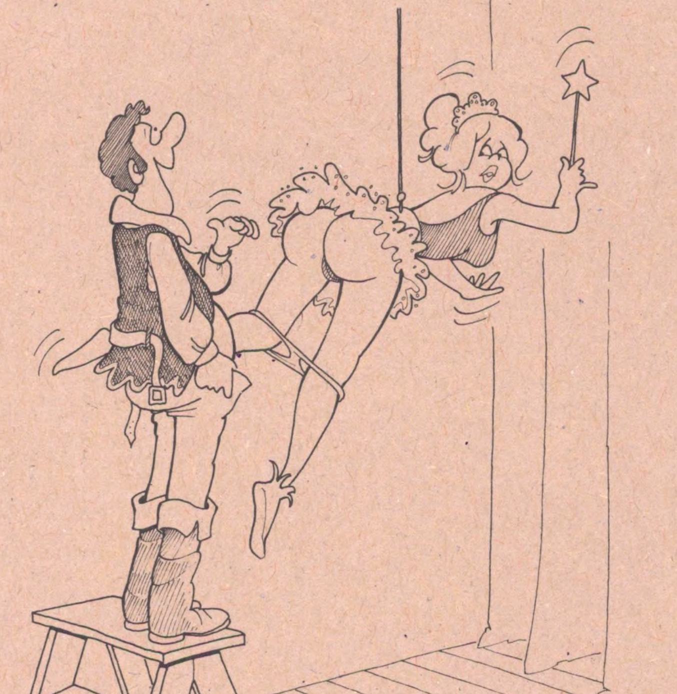
Pantomime time is here again – oh yes it is – so bawdy cartoonist Anthony takes a peek at what's going on behind the curtains



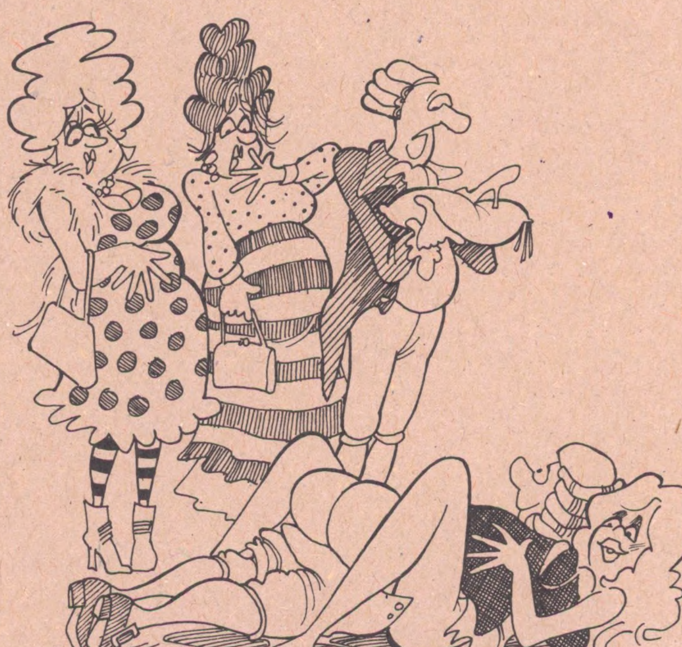
'The lamp, Miss Pendleberry, you rub the lamp.'



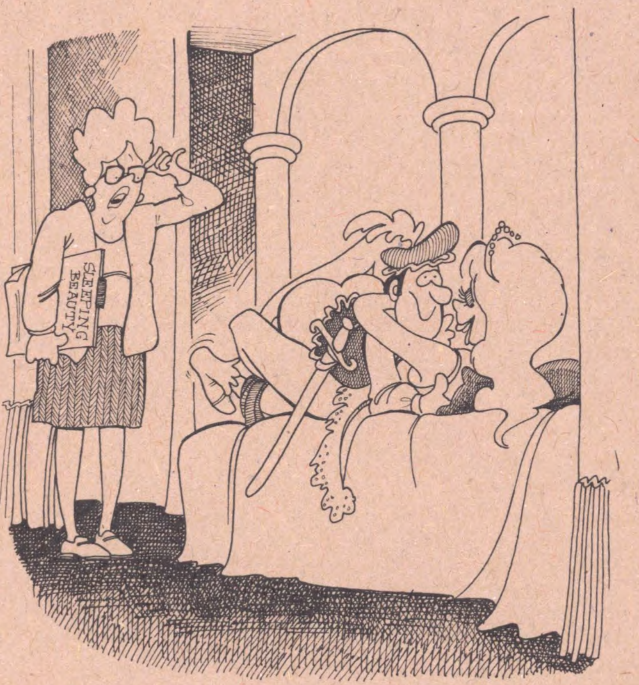
'Open sesame.'



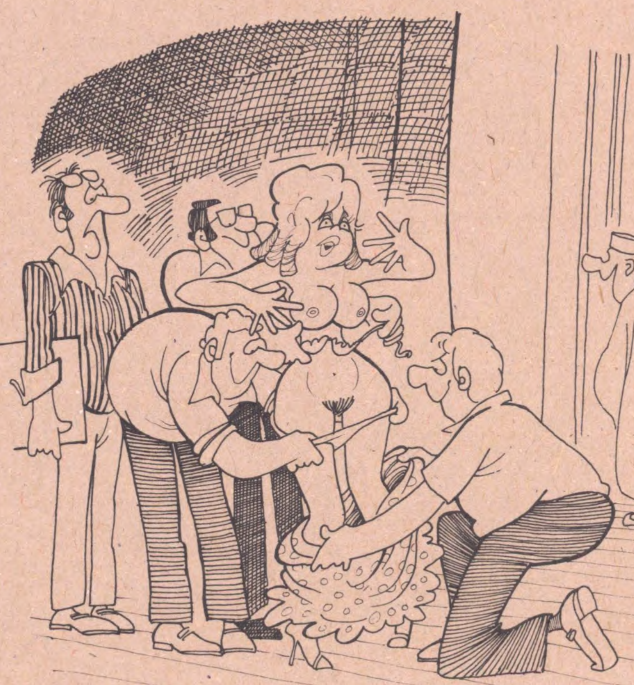
'Down a touch more . . .'



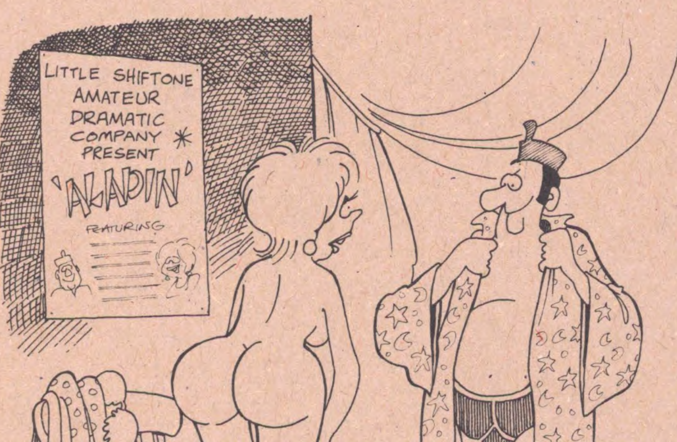
'Ahem, shouldn't you be seeing if it's the shoe that fits?'


SLEEPING BEAUTY

'Really, Mr Grant! You're supposed to wake her with a kiss.'



'It doesn't need all of you to help Cheryl with her quick change.'


LITTLE SHIFTONE
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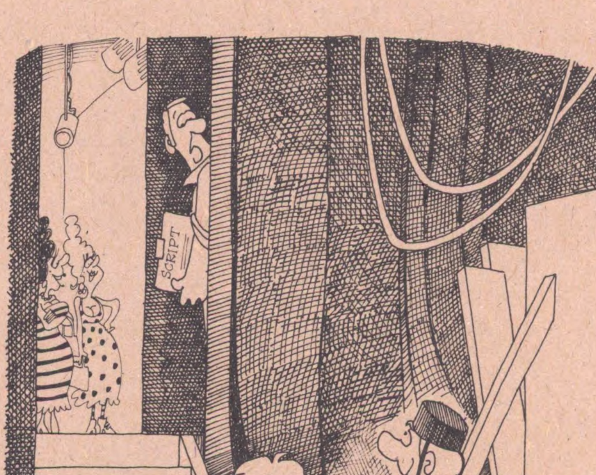
'I thought this was supposed to be a dress rehearsal, Mr Ashton.'



'Are you ready to make your entrance, Buttons?'

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Old wives tales and groundless worries can be blamed for many of the problems men experience in love-making. In this graphically illustrated book author Michael Castleman, a professional sexual advisor, deals with the mental and physical problems that can prevent men having satisfying sexual relationships. It provides simple answers to virtually every sexual situation, and will help you to become a confident accomplished lover.

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With more and more emphasis being placed on sexual achievement, and new standards being set for sexual fulfilment, some people may worry that their sex life is inadequate. The aim of this book is to dispel such fears. With the aid of more than 500 illustrations, many of a very explicit nature, the authors offer down to earth advice on all aspects of love-making from sexual technique to various types of birth control. The result is a complete guide to sexual understanding between you and your partner.

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SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

This is without doubt the most popular book we have offered. The 'frankest book ever published in Britain.' *Sexual Techniques*, has made an enormous and lasting impact on the lives of thousands of *Mayfair* readers. Using 42 full-page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate the separate positions for sexual intercourse. Author Mogens Toft tells how positioning and movement can be used to regulate orgasmic pleasure, and how those sexually experienced in their relationships can bring variety and change into their life together, deepening affection and involvement.

Price £5.80

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Johnny Cash has led a checkered life with enough drama to form the plots for dozens of country songs. His voice, hard and gravelly, reflects the tough times and bitter experiences, and he sounds as if he has really lived the songs he sings. **The Very Best of Johnny Cash** (Pickwick) contains 16 of his finest tracks with hits like *A Thing Called Love, Ring of Fire, Folsom Prison Blues*, and his interpretations of standards like *Green Green Grass of Home*.

Talking of country music, any album that combines the talents of James Burton (guitar), Bernie Leadon (guitar, banjo), Al Perkins (dobro) and Glen D Hardin (piano) must be worth a listen. They can be found supporting Chris Hillman on his latest album **Desert Rose** (Spindrift), which is a superb collection of self-penned numbers and standards by the likes of Mickey Newbury, George Jones and Jimmie Rodgers. Chris has a sweet clear voice and this is about the best modern country album you're likely to hear in ages.

Soul fans have been spoilt rotten by a recent series of re-releases. Atlantic have been through their back catalogue to produce **The Best of Aretha Franklin, The Best of Otis Redding, The Best of Joe Tex** and **The Best of Wilson Pickett**. Each album features 12 tracks by the artist, and these really are genuine greatest hits collections including such gems as *In the Midnight Hour, Land of 1,000 Dances, I Say a Little Prayer, Respect, My Girl, Show Me,* and *Build Your Love.* For really exciting dance music practically guaranteed to set a party swinging, these albums can't be bettered. They have lost none of their power despite dating back to the mid-sixties. PRT have also come up with two great soul offerings – **Gene Chandler** and **Chess Sisters of Soul.** The Gene Chandler album features the uncrowned Duke of Soul on his classic tracks like *Duke of Earl*, and *You Threw a Lucky Punch*, Produced by Curtis Mayfield, these songs were recorded in the early sixties, and if you like your soul hot and greasy, then this album is for you. *The Sisters of Soul* album is a compilation featuring such luminaries from the old Chess label as Ko Ko Taylor, Fontella Bass, and Etta James. Eleven tracks of power and emotion with songs like *Two Sides (to Every Story), Rescue Me* and *Time Will Tell.*

Welcome to the Pleasuredome (Island), the debut album from Frankie Goes to Hollywood, broke all records for pre-release orders. The hottest property in the pop world, FGTH have had massive hits with *Relax* and *Two Tribes*. Both songs can be found on this double album, but other songs like the ballad *The Power of Love* easily live up to these chart-toppers. Also included are some unusual cover versions like Springsteen's *Born to Run* and *Do You Know the Way to San Jose?*, originally made famous by Dionne Warwick. Many regarded FGTH as a five minute wonder, but with their song-writing ability and such a high standard of musicianship as demonstrated on this album, they will be around for a long time to come.

Frank Zappa has been making albums for nearly 20 years, and his musical styles have ranged from acid rock to full scale orchestral works exploring all sorts of highly innovative and weirdly humorous by-roads along the way. Respected by the world of 'serious' music as well as jazz and rock musicians, every Zappa album is something of an event. What will he be into next? On **Them or Us** (EMI), a double album, he has given us a mixed bag. There are vintage-style do-wop songs like *The Closer You Are* and a reworking of *Sharleena* which appeared on an earlier album; a rock band version of a ballet piece written by Zappa, *Sinister Footwear*; and, surprisingly, a cover version of *Whipping Post*, the rock/blues workout penned by the Allman Brothers. Zappa's humour is also to the fore on songs like *In France* where he gives dire warnings of the perils of sex in that country: *They got diseases like you've never seen, Got myself a blow job, Turn your peter green.* This is not one of Frank's classic albums, but there are enough standout tracks to keep his fans happy and intrigue new listeners, and his guitar playing is superb.

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TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

With a direct link by air established between Gatwick and Mahé, via Frankfurt, The Seychelles are now well and truly back on the tourist map. Especially for the British. 1983 saw an 18 per cent increase in tourists over 1982; the projection for 1984 is 65,000.

Statistics don't convey the whole tourist scene. For me, The Seychelles is one of the world's better examples of truly getting away from it all, placed a thousand miles from the African coast, in the Indian Ocean.

Air Seychelles fly down there from Gatwick every Wednesday at 15.30, arriving 06.10 (local time) the next morning; returning from Mahé, Thursdays, leaving at 07.55, getting back to Gatwick at 17.25, our time.

Fares vary. Excursion class is £979 return; 'Pearl', a super executive class, £1,476; but there is a most attractive Apex tariff of just £588. Most people take a package by an experienced long-haul operator such as *Wings*, whose lead-in price for seven nights (bed and breakfast) at the *Barbarons Beach* hotel on Mahé is £617, including air fares, or 14 nights for £807. With such a small price differential most Britons, having gone all that distance, stay on for the second week.

Tradewinds have a self-catering deal for two-bedroom apartments, which works out (including air fares) at £665 per person for a fortnight, on the basis of four people sharing. However, there is a flight supplement to this which is around £47 for the month of August and some dates in July.

The Seychelles achieved independence from Britain in 1976, and, after the usual initial hiccups in home rule, have settled down once more to their customary serenity. President Albert René has directly involved himself in tourism. He is Minister for it, and his various interdicts, which benefit the visitor, include set-priced taxi fares, and a clamp down on the car-hire cowboys.

Take nothing with you except travellers cheques or cash, and your lightest clothing. You won't wear a jacket or tie all the time you are there.

The Seychelles is a nation of many islands with a population of 65,000 people of mixed African, Chinese, Indian, French, and English descent. The official language is Creole, with its basis in old French, but all Seychelloise speak English.

Local Creole cuisine has its own very special appeal. Curried fish, eggplant and rice, are favourite dishes with tourists, and the hotels put up those calorific desserts, all sugar and ice, and everything nice, which would keep the average British schoolboy slavering at the mouth until his maturity.

Air Seychelles has a hotels division embracing the *Barbarons Beach*, on Mahé, the *Cote d'Or Lodge* on Praslin island, and other points on the beautiful, smaller islands, such as La Digue, with its gleaming new Catholic church, and ox cart method of transportation. Their 'Bonanza' scheme, introduced earlier this year, is one where hotel facilities such as water sports, are interchangeable.

Abercrombie & Kent have an excellent 'Island Odyssey' programme involving a week's stay in *Coral Strand* on Mahé, which I can personally recommend, with a second week at Bird Island – a bird sanctuary surrounded by a sandy, perfect swimming, beach – La Digue, and Praslin. The inter-island air service is excellent, but take the ferry, if you can. It is so much more *a tempora* with the location. But, in my opinion, the government-backed National Travel Agency offers the best inter-island package deals, organised in conjunction with Air Seychelles.

I enjoyed Praslin, and a visit to the Vallée de Mai, in the heart of its national park. I went on the hour-long nature trail, feeling like an ant under towering coco de mer, screwpines, sealing-wax palms, and breadfruit trees. Green geckos scampered in the undergrowth, and chameleons regarded my progress with popping eyes, as black parrots, and paradise flycatchers' swooped overhead.

If you would like to experience the same, contact:

Seychelles Tourist Board, *50 Conduit Street, W1. Tel: 01-439 9699,* Air Seychelles *01-668 9311* or B-Cal at Gatwick *0293-25555.*

Prices may have altered since going to press. Please check with the organisations involved if in doubt.

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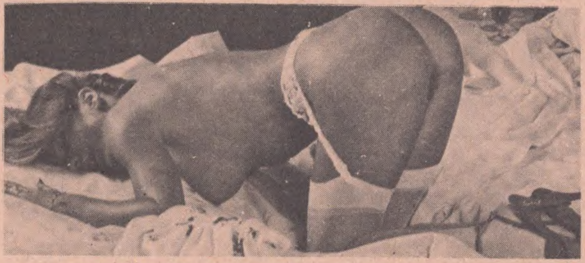

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

I am quite 'over the moon' about **Over the Moon**, Roger Berman's fine upstairs restaurant in his *Moon* freehouse at *18 New North Street W1.* Call Marilyn for reservations, says the menu note, between 11 am and midday on *01-405 6723. Over The Moon* is an unsung, very good, French restaurant which hits the middle price range both in its menu and wine list. There's nothing fancy about the decor. Just a plain room with chairs and tables, but service and food are tops. It doesn't advertise. People are either recommended to go there, or just happen across it. Free house licensing is a bonus for London's beer drinkers providing unlimited choice, and Mr Berman ploughs the profit back into his French cuisine. Smoked salmon with scrambled eggs is an excellent £2.95-worth as a starter. So are *les ognioni vulgaris en écruie*, which is £2.75, and, in spite of its name, a rather good concoction of deep fried pastry pockets with onions and bacon in a creamy sauce. Having eight main courses is a wise idea. They give the chef scope for innovation. Try *queue de boeuf en hodgepot* (£5.25) – oxtail simmered for at least 3 days in a special wine sauce, or *escalope de veau gingimbre* (£6.90), the house special – veal sauted in butter with ginger wine saucing, lemon juice and cream. And how about *gigot d'agneau en croute* (£5.90) – sauted leg of lamb steak in a light pastry case, stuffed with lambs' kidneys, mushrooms, and madeira? There is a £1 cover charge. Service *non compris*. And an excellent choice of dessert and cheese, too.

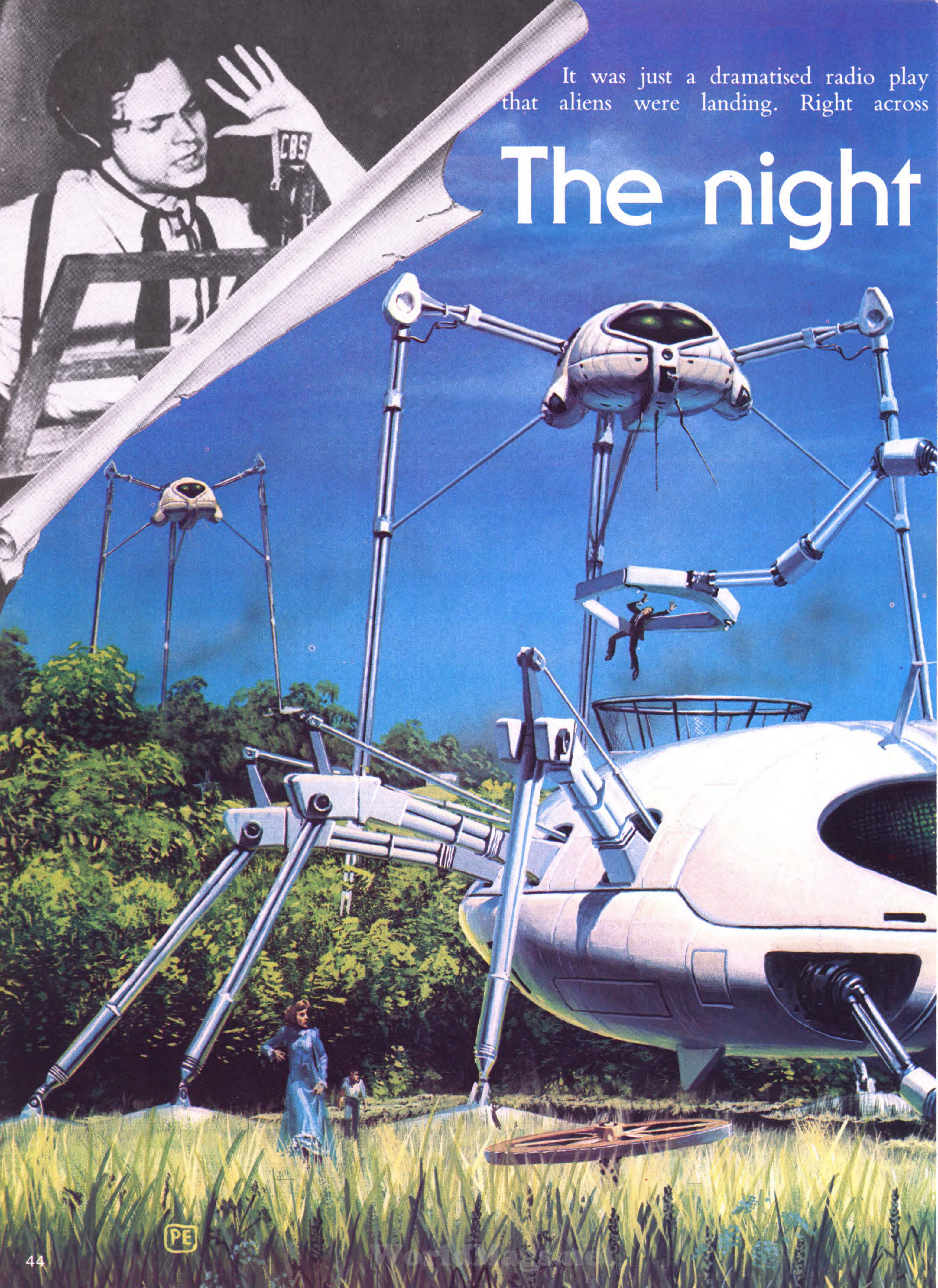
I was invited to a 'naughty lunch' at **The Gaslight of St James**, *4, Duke of York Street, SW1 (Tel: 01-930 1648).* The handbill said 'fun, games and food', and offered a three-course meal with coffee for £12.95 including VAT, plus £1 entrance. Gentlemen are entertained by attractive girls in French maids' uniforms, including full undersets, with black stockings and suspenders. The games include an erotic form of musical chairs, with the girls sitting on punters' laps, rolling a mint from mouth to mouth, and other oral examinations, viz: 'What is 69 and 69?' The answer – 'fun for four!' The menu has an *Upstairs Downstairs* theme with Hudson's Choice (half grapefruit grilled with rum), Mrs Bridges Favourite (roast beef and Yorkshire pudding), M'Lady's Emincée of Veal Swiss Style, and, strangely one might think, The Master's Spaghetti Bolognaise. Champagne (VAT excluded here) starts at a *Pol Varne Brut Epernay* for £15.50 NV, and reaches a ceiling of £49.50 with a bottle of Dom Perignon. Vintage magnums are £55.25. The naughty maids will sit with you for a fee of £20 plus (negotiable with them, not the house) – but you won't be allowed to associate with them outside the club, so maybe they are not so naughty after all.

At first mention the idea of eating out in the Clapham High Street might sound as devastatingly appealing as a soirée in Leytonstone. Wait! In these cash conscious days it is always worthwhile knowing of a place where the food is first class, and the price right. **The Maharani Indian Restaurant** at *117, Clapham High Street, SW4 (tel: 01-622 2530)* is one such. Past prime ministers have eaten there, famous film stars and television personalities. It has been repeatedly praised in the media over the last 22 years. Some O'Hanlon recommendations: butter chicken *tikka* (£1.50); chicken Kashmir, with lychee and pineapple, in cream, (£2.30); *karai* chicken (£2.95); *methigost* (£2.30); and *murgimusallam*, served with pulao rice, cooked with Tandoor chicken, minced meat, egg and tomato, priced £2.95. All that, a competent wine list, and some very friendly service. Mark it down as one to know, if you're in that part of London. There's never any trouble parking!

I went to November's *Nouveau Beaujolais* breakfast at **Shampers**, *Kingly Street, W1 (Tel: 01-437 1692).* The verdict – *nouveau*, yes, but not as good as last year's. Too french-styled for my celtic palate, I must admit.

It was just a dramatised radio play that aliens were landing. Right across

The night

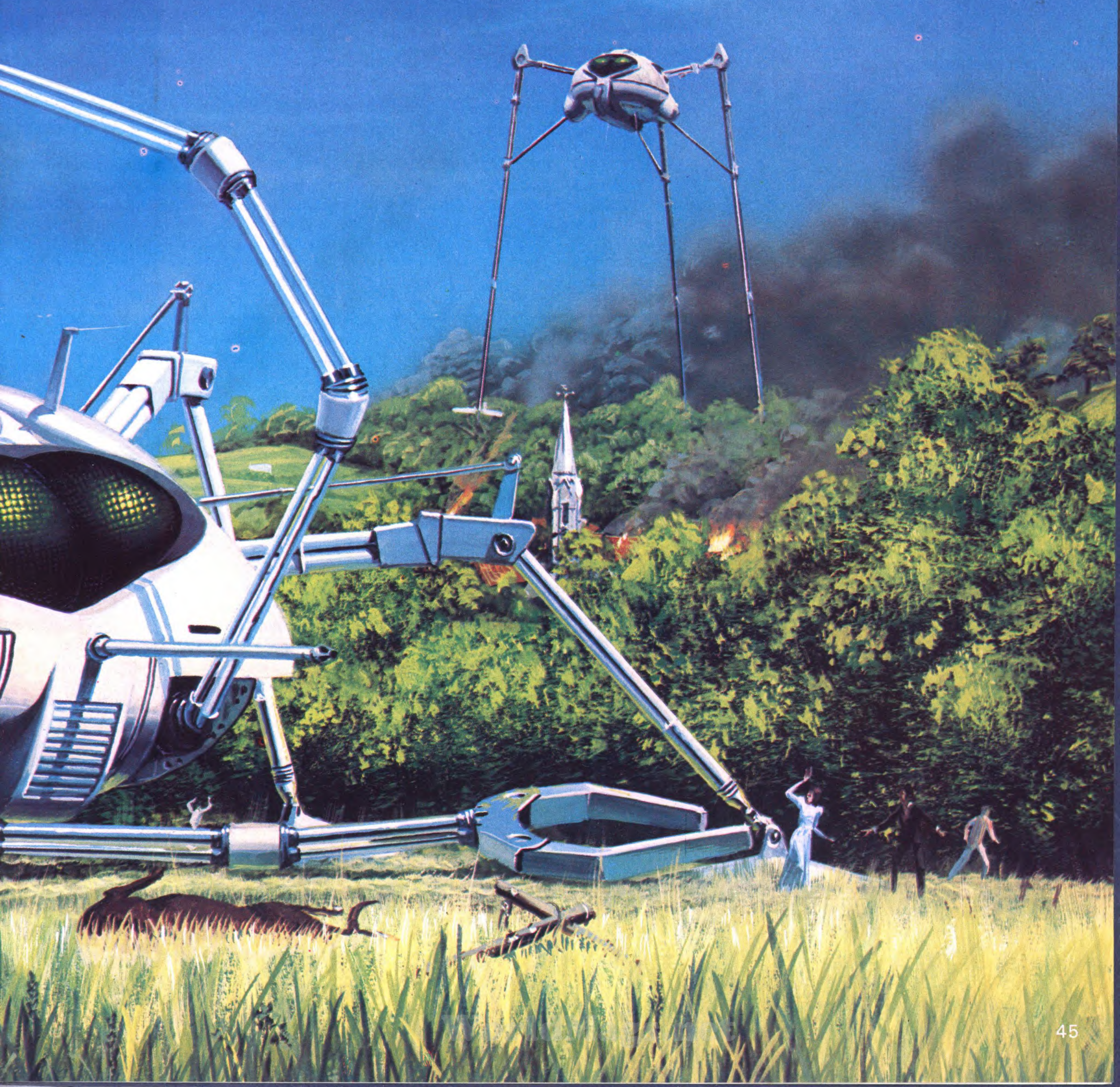


based on a classic novel. But the news bulletin style convinced thousands of listeners America there was mass panic as people fled their homes in hysterical terror

Mars invaded Earth

By W R Robertson

At 8pm Eastern Standard Time on the evening of October 30, 1938, Orson Welles and his Mercury Theatre on the Air, in New York, began a radio programme which would go down as the biggest hoax in broadcasting history. What they presented that night was a specially dramatised version, in the form of news bulletins, of H G Wells' *War of the Worlds*; the classic tale of Earth's conquest by invaders from planet Mars. It was meant as an innocent piece of adult entertainment for Hallowe'en, but what it unleashed was a nationwide panic as thousands of Americans, convinced that the news was for 'real', took to the streets in blind terror to escape the Martian hordes, which existed only in their minds. Nothing like such a mass panic had ever been seen



before (or since), and for those affected by it, it was truly 'the night Mars invaded Earth'.

The idea to use fake news bulletins came from Orson Welles, but the man responsible for the actual script was a young unknown writer named Howard Koch. It was Koch's job to churn out a script each week for the Mercury Theatre's Sunday night performances, usually a dramatization of a novel or short story running to 60 pages. It was a tough schedule to keep up, involving long sleepless nights of what seemed like endless re-writes, until Welles was satisfied with the results. Koch lost a lot of weight in those days. In fact, the routine was so punishing that he almost resigned when they dropped *War of the Worlds* in his lap. The problem for Koch was that to transfer H G Wells' story from 19th century England to 20th century America, and to turn it into a series of newscasts, meant having to virtually write a brand-new hour length play; and all within six days. It seemed an impossibility, and Koch said as much to Welles. He begged to have the assignment changed, but *War of the Worlds* was Orson Welles' favourite project, so young Howard was told firmly to get on with it.

Some time after the events of the broadcast, Koch recalled how he began work on the script on the Monday night by spreading out a map on the floor of his apartment in New York. Earlier that day he had visited his parents in New Jersey, and had been given a free map of that state when he stopped for petrol. Now he was looking for a suitable landing-site for the first Martian ship, and using the time honoured method of closing his eyes, and sticking in a pin, he hit upon a place called Grovers Mills, near Trenton. Koch liked the name, and it was conveniently near to Princeton University, where he could base the professor who would play a leading role in the story. Thus it was that Grovers Mills, New Jersey, became the spot where Americans first came eyeball-to-antennae with the Martians, thanks to a friendly petrol-pump attendant and the blind hand of Fate. Six days and endless cups of coffee later, the final draft was approved by Welles, and handed to the actors by the deadline of noon on Sunday, which would give them a chance to rehearse before transmission that evening. At that point Howard Koch probably thought he had seen the last of his Martians – but they weren't quite through with him yet.

Within the studio at the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York, tension mounted as the actors gathered round the microphones, awaiting the final moments as eight o'clock drew near. None of them could have guessed what a devastating effect their performance was about to have on many of their audience. At precisely eight o'clock, the Mercury Theatre music was put out; the broadcast which panicked America had begun. It was later estimated that 6,000,000 people, at the very least, were listening in that evening (some sources place the figure as high as 12,000,000). Ninety-two independent radio stations carried the broadcast from CBS in New York, and transmitted it to homes throughout the nation, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific shore. This, briefly, is what they heard:

TAXI
Hold it!
LASSALVY

The audience were introduced to a programme of Latin-American dance music, which they were told was coming from a hotel in downtown New York. After about 20 seconds of music, the programme was 'interrupted' by an announcer to say that reports had come in from an observatory in Chicago of several explosions of incandescent gas, occuring at regular intervals from the planet Mars. It was said that the gas clouds were moving towards the Earth with enormous velocity, 'Like a jet of blue flame shot from a gun'. The audience were returned to the dance music for a few moments before being interrupted again. This time the listeners were told that the Government Meteorological Bureau had requested all the large observatories to keep watch for further disturbances on Mars, and that a special interview was being arranged with Professor Pierson (who didn't exist) of the Princeton Observatory (which *did* actually exist).

After another brief musical interlude, the audience were taken 'live' to Princeton for the promised interview. While Professor Pierson (played by Orson Welles) is busy assuring the interviewer that the chances of intelligent life existing on Mars are, 'A thousand to one against', a telegram arrives from the US Natural History Museum saying that their instruments have detected sizeable shock-waves occurring within a 20 mile radius of Princeton, and asking Pierson to investigate. By cutting in and out of the music programme like this, the audience were informed shortly that a huge, flaming object had fallen on a farm at Grovers Mills, New Jersey, some 22 miles from Trenton. The station said they were sending their reporter to the scene to investigate.

The next 'bulletin' came 'live' from the landing site, where the reporter vividly described the large cylindrical object which lay there, partly buried in the soil. The farmer who witnessed the thing land was interviewed, and then Pierson stated expertly that the object is extra-terrestrial; 'not of this earth'. With a clever use of sound effects, the reporter held out his microphone so as the listeners could hear the curious humming sound coming from within the object. Then came one of the most dramatic and skillfully handled moments of the production as the top of the object unscrewed, fell to the ground, and the reporter caught his first glimpse of a Martian. The creature was described as being a grey, tentacled thing, as large as a bear, and glistening like wet leather. The eyes were, 'black, like a serpent's', and the mouth, 'a V-shaped slit dripping with saliva'. Shortly after this, two men approached the object carrying white flags, and were promptly incinerated by a Martian heat-ray. The ray swept round the area, and the reporter was cut off in mid-sentence. After apologising for the loss in transmission, the station then brought listeners the news that at least 40 people had been killed at Grovers Mills. This was followed by a statement from a General Smith, of the State Militia, saying that much

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The night Mars invaded Earth

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of the surrounding area had been placed under martial law.

The remaining bulletins became more and more disturbing and pessimistic as they detailed the massacre of army units sent in against the Martians, and then plotted the unstoppable progress of the invaders across the country. Newark was destroyed, followed by New York, with one lone ham-radio operator broadcasting a pathetic plea for help. 'Isn't there anybody there? – Isn't there anyone?' In the final part of the programme, Orson Welles narrated how the Martians went on to all but destroy the world, before being killed-off themselves by Earthly bacteria – 'the humblest things that God in His wisdom put upon this earth' – to which their bodies had no resistance. The broadcast ended (and the world was saved) by 9pm, but by that time thousands of listeners had turned off their radios, and taken to the streets. When it became clear that many people had assumed that the news bulletins were for real the station put out special messages at 10.30, 11.30, and midnight, telling anyone still listening that the broadcast had been a play. But the damage had already been done. Those people who had been scared out of their wits (and their reason) took a great deal of convincing that the world was not coming to an end after all. Some just kept on running till they dropped, or until their cars ran out of fuel, and found themselves in the cold light of dawn, far from home, and feeling slightly foolish. For a few of them life wouldn't be the same again, for they had never before experienced such feelings of utter helplessness and insecurity, as they did that night the Martians came.

To describe in detail how the panic affected people would take a book, but looking at a handful of cases should give some idea of the general pattern. A petrol station attendant from Newark, New Jersey, recalled afterwards how he and his girlfriend had driven around in his car with no real idea of where to go to escape the Martians. Eventually they met up with some friends, and together they tried to hide in the cellar of a grocery store, but the shop-keeper chased them out. They tried their luck at a nearby apartment block, but with the same result. Returning to the car, they were in time to hear the CBS announcer in New York succumb to the Martian gas (the invaders were using poison gas as well as the heat-ray) and then the 'station went dead'. They then drove to the nearest garage to fill up the tank, with the intention of getting as far away as possible, but the attendant there said he had heard nothing about the invasion. One of the men decided to phone the *Newark Evening News*, and found out it was just a play. They listened to the rest of the broadcast in the car – and then went dancing!

In New York, an elderly spinster found she could hardly tear herself away from her radio, even though the 'news' was so terrible. When she heard about the Martian gas she tried to hermetically seal her windows and doors with waterproof cement, hoping to sit it out till the gas blew away. At one point, when the Martians were approaching the city, she wanted to go up on the roof to see what they looked like, but couldn't leave the radio because it was telling her of their whereabouts.

A young couple from Boston dragged out all their suitcases, but couldn't decide what to pack. Instead, they wrapped their baby in as many clothes as possible then took to their heels. The wife recalled later that she felt it important to take a loaf of bread, because, 'if everything was burning, you can't eat money, but you can eat bread': a commendable piece of forward planning under the circumstances.

Returning from a date with his girlfriend, a senior college student heard the broadcast in his car, and decided to return to rescue her. First of all he tried to call her on the phone but found that all the lines were busy, which only strengthened his conviction that the broadcast was 'real'. He roared off in his car, never dropping below 70mph, and covered the 45 miles to his girl's place in under 30 minutes. Next day he would be unable to recall much about the drive, except to realize how close he had come to killing himself in his break-neck race through the night.

'. . . and even as I speak to you from a hotel room in this war-ravaged city, the shooting continues . . .'

And so it went on, throughout the night and into the early hours of Monday morning. There is no denying that the experiences of some people that night were overwhelmingly 'real' and vivid. One woman phoned her local police station to report that she could *see* the Martian war machines, wading across the Hudson river on their tripod legs, on their way to ravage New York City. But not everyone who thought the broadcast was for real fled in terror. Many people stayed calmly at home, resigned to their fate. Others took completely the opposite approach, like the man in San Francisco who phoned police to ask where he could volunteer his services to fight the Martians, saying, 'We've got to stop this awful thing.' Some people had some pretty novel ideas as to how best to protect themselves, such as the numerous callers who badgered the power company in Providence, Rhode Island, to turn off the city lights, 'so's the Martians won't know we're here'.

Miraculously, although there were some injuries, no-one was killed during that night of chaos. A woman from Pittsburgh was on the verge of taking poison, but her husband arrived home in time to stop her. There is even a case where some good might have come from the panic. A man from New York had gone to Reno, Nevada, to get a divorce from his wife, but on hearing the 'news' raced back east to save her. Such is true love; whether he still thought her worth saving the next day was never recorded!

Throughout that night Howard Koch remained blissfully unaware of the turmoil his script was creating. After listening to the broadcast he decided on an early night, and crawled into bed exhausted. The first inkling he got that something was wrong came next morning (Monday; his one and only day off) when he walked down to 72nd Street for a haircut, and noticed a buzz of excitement amongst the passers-by. In the barber's shop, Koch innocently asked what all the fuss was about, worried that perhaps war had finally broken out in Europe. The room fell silent as Koch was stared at in disbelief. 'Ain't you heard about the Martians?' asked one old man, and showed Koch a morning newspaper with the banner headline, 'NATION IN PANIC FROM MARTIAN BROADCAST'. Inside was a centre-page feature article on the events of Sunday night, together with a photograph of Orson Welles ('Arms outstretched,' according to Koch, 'in a gesture of helpless innocence.') and including the opening lines of Koch's script. 'I was really thrilled,' Koch recalled later, 'I'd never had anything of mine published before, and here I was on the front page of a New York paper.'

For a few days after the broadcast the fate of all those responsible hung in the balance. The nation seemed divided between throwing them in jail for inciting mass riots, or applauding them for a brilliant piece of drama. The chairman of the Federal Communications Commission called the programme 'regrettable', while a leading

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The night Mars invaded Earth

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social commentator praised the broadcast for showing America how vulnerable she would be to mass panic if war *did* break out. Whether America learned anything from the panic is arguable, but it seems to have done little to reduce the shock, barely three years later, when this time the invaders struck for real – at a place called Pearl Harbor.

In the end, though probably because no lives were lost, the tide of public opinion turned in favour of the players. Hollywood beckoned with open arms, and Orson Welles transported the entire Mercury Theatre to sunny California. Welles went on to achieve international acclaim by making *Citizen Kane*, said to be the finest movie ever produced (coincidently, Welles can currently be heard on a British TV commercial endorsing a certain beer said to be the finest larger ever made). Several others involved with the Mercury Theatre became well known names, such as the actor, Joseph Cotton, and John Houseman, the director. As for Howard Koch, he was given a seven year contract to write screenplays for Warner Brothers' studios. For his first project he was given bits and pieces of cast-off dialogue by two other writers, then told to incorporate these into an original script within eight weeks. It was a tough assignment, but then he was used to that sort of thing by now. For Howard Koch it was back to the grind of sleepless nights and endless cups of coffee, but at the end of the eight weeks he had come up with a modest little screenplay which went on to be filmed, starring Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. The film was called *Casablanca*.

In cities and townships across America, the shock and embarrassment of the 'Martian invasion' had barely subsided when another horde of 'alien beings' descended upon them; the research psychologists. The academics were having a field day, for they recognised this as a unique opportunity to study human mass hysteria on an undreamt-of scale. Besides which, the government was pressing for answers as to why the hysteria was so great, and what could be done to control it if a real invasion came. The great worry was that mass panic by the civil population in time of war could jam up the roads, and disrupt the movements of troops and supplies. Incidentally, it was exactly this theme of panic caused by the threat of invasion (in this case by the Japanese against California) that Steven Spielberg used to comic effect in his film, *1941*. Back in 1938 the idea didn't seem funny at all.

Ironically enough it was Princeton University which headed the research study into the panic (it would have been perfect if they had come up with a professor of psychology named Pierson, but even Orson Welles couldn't arrange that). The results of the study were published in 1940, and what they showed immediately was the scope and power of radio in those days. In 1938 there were an estimated 32 million families in the United States, of which, 27,500,000 had radios, a greater proportion than had telephones, cars, plumbing, or electricity. Radio was God, and the radio news bulletins, especially amongst rural communities, were taken as the gospel truth. In particular, the CBS news from New York had an excellent reputation for accuracy, which in this case only helped to fuel the flames of the bogus invasion reports.

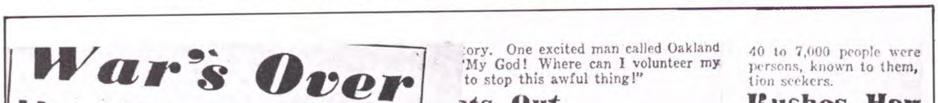
Some people were baffled as to how the broadcast could have fooled anyone. As Howard Koch himself pointed out, for the Martians to have blasted off from their planet, travelled 40 million miles through space, and then to have conquered the Earth, all within the space of an hour, would have been pretty much an impossibility, even for Martians. Yet many people accepted this without question. Others pointed out that the audience were told it was a play before it began; they were told it was a play four times during the broadcast, at the station breaks; they were told it had been a play at the end; and, it had to be said, the majority of them had tuned into that particular station, at that particular time, in order to *hear* a play.

What the Princeton study showed though, was that thousands had tuned in to the broadcast *after* the early introductions, and did not bother to hang around after learning the Martians were on the way. Some people came upon the programme accidentally whilst browsing through the channels, and had never heard of Orson Welles, *or* the Mercury Theatre. A great many who panicked that night had never even heard one word of the broadcast; they were told convincingly by people they knew about the 'news', and were simply caught up, and swept along by other people's hysteria. A major factor in the realism of the bulletins was in the use of real place names, highway numbers, and even official titles. As one young man put it, 'I didn't really believe it at first, but when I heard the Secretary of the Interior saying we had to evacuate the city, I *knew* it must be true.'

The basic conclusion of the Princeton 'boffins' was that the panic started as a result of the realism of the bulletins, coupled with hidden anxieties about the chances of war in Europe, plus general feelings of insecurity due to poor social conditions. As for the public, they just swallowed their pride, and laughed it off. Some even profited by it. A farmer at Grovers Mills charged eager tourists 50 cents a head to see the spot where the Martians 'landed'. As late as 1968, property developers were asking inflated prices for plots of land at Grovers Mills because of their 'historical' value.

The Martian scare of 1938 has now passed into history, but the question remains, could it happen again? It seems unlikely on the face of it. Today's audiences are much more sophisticated, and wouldn't be so easily fooled, plus any Hallowe'en pranksters nowadays would have to cope with the much more complex (and expensive) medium of television. And where, exactly, would the 'invaders' come from? Modern technology in the shape of space probes to Mars has scratched that particular bogey-man off our list for good.

But then again, there must be other planets out there, harbouring who-knows-what in the way of potential adversaries? The social and political conditions today are very similar to those of 1938. Once again the threat of war is a very real fear in our society, and with the current depression and high unemployment levels, social conditions are not all that they should be either. So, *is* the time ripe for another *War of the Worlds?* If you happen to be watching television next Hallowe'en night, and your newscaster tells you that Earth is being invaded, you'd better hope for all our sakes it's just his way of saying, 'BOO!'



War's Over
How U. S. Met Mars

The radio's "end of the world," as some listeners understood it, produced repercussions throughout the United States. Samples, as reported by the Associated Press, follow:

Woman Tries Suicide

Pittsburgh.—A man returned home in the midst of the broadcast and found his wife, a bottle of poison in her hand, screaming: "I'd rather die this way than like that."

CLEVELAND
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calls and broke
reassure listener.
in flight to count
ceryman to get fo
did not wait for e.
CONCRETE,
highly effective poli
gram, when monster
ing down, lights wen
of the homes at Conc
of 1,000, due to elec
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ad reached Washingto
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mass mysteria. Wome
nd men prepared to t
milles to the mountain
SCRANTON, PA.—A do
es snatched their he
d rushed hysterically or
e wanting to know if
my Reserves had been

PHILADELPHIA — New
New Jersey students at
versity of Pennsylvania ha
ked belongings and prep
rush to "beleaguered" r
s. The city hall switchbo
swamped with over 3,0

PITTSBURGH—A man foun
wife, poison bottle in hand
king, "I'd rather be this way
like that."
HONTOWN, PA.—A group
ridge players

Daily
Sunday-3,15
Vol. 20. No. 109

FAKE RADIO 'WAR
STIRS TERROR

ory. One excited man called Oakland
'My God! Where can I volunteer my
to stop this awful thing!"

ets Out

woman ran into a church screaming:
d; it's the end of the world. You might
e. I just heard it on the radio." Services
ediately.

oys Faint

—Five Brevard College students fainted
the campus for a half hour with many
or telephones to inform their parents to

40 to 7,000 people were
persons, known to them,
tion seekers.

Rushes Hom

Reno.—Marion Lesli
from Hilsee Robert Thorg
ing her mother and child
One man immediately at
wife he was here to divo

It's a Massacre

Providence, R. I.—Weeping and hysterical women
ed the switchboard of the Providence Journal for de-
"massacre." The electric company received scores
it to turn off all lights so that the city would
"enemy."

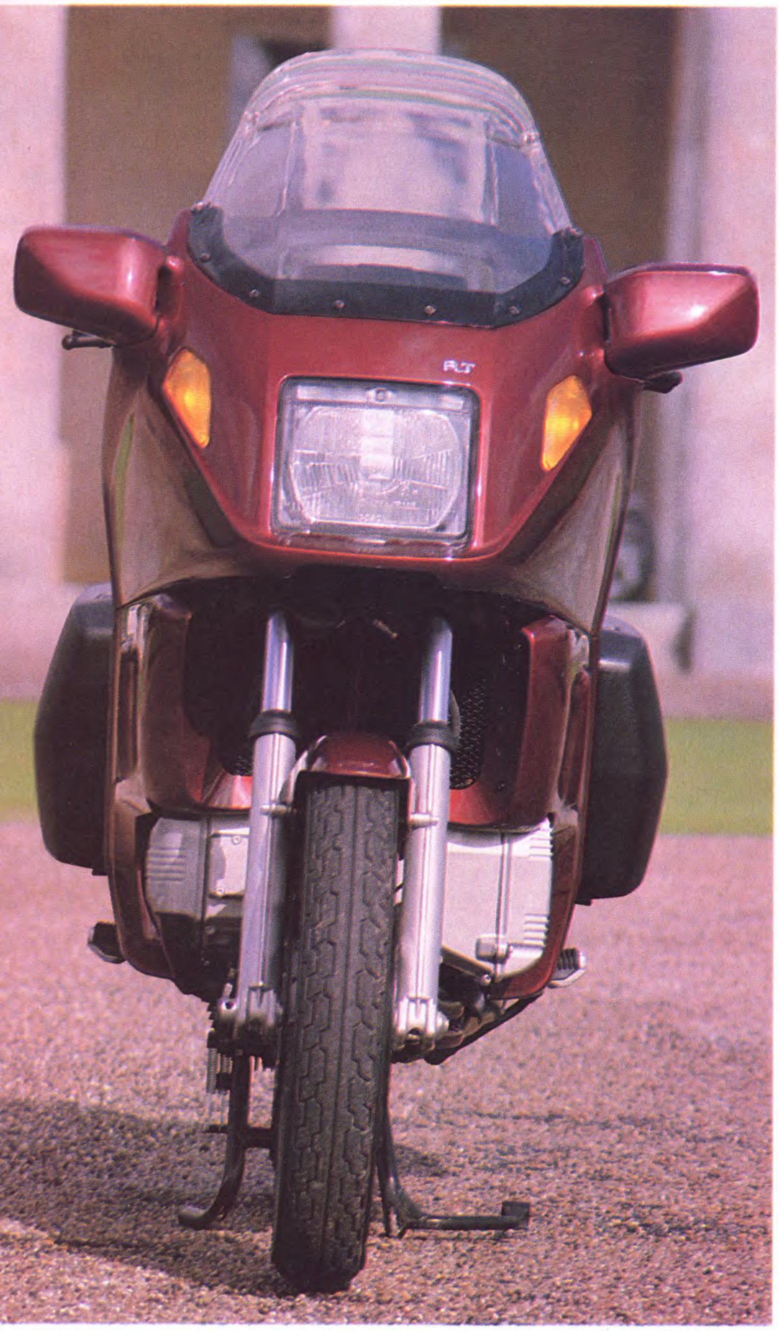
the Fire"

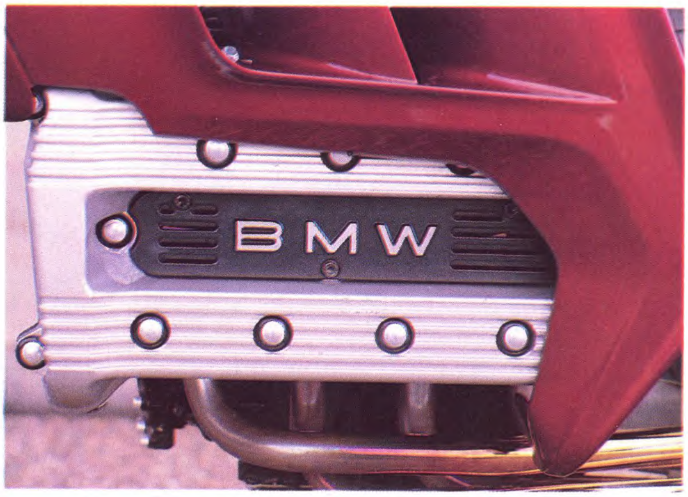
lared she could "see the fire"
many others in her neigh-

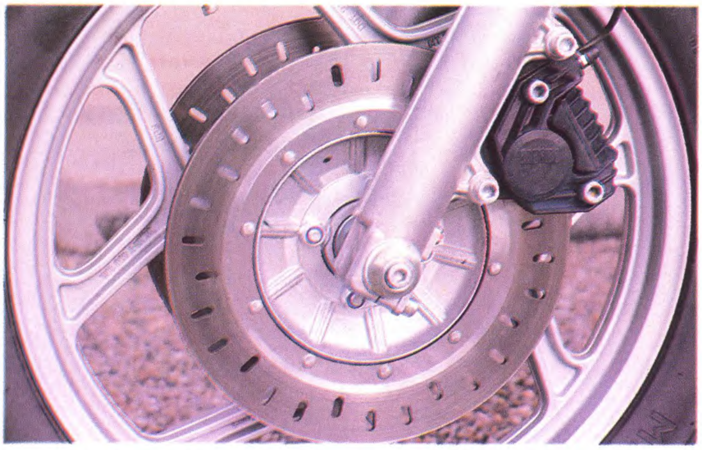
INDIANAPOLIS — Woman ran in Indianapolis Methodist Church screaming, hysterical — "New York destroyed. It's the end of the world. You might as well go home to die. I just heard it on the radio." Services dismissed immediately.

MILWAUKEE — Newspaper switchboard operator got several calls saying "it was thrilling; there ought to be more programs like that." She reported most men liked program; most women didn't.

The day after the broadcast the newspapers were full of headlines detailing the terror that had gripped America when thousands of people believed the Martians had really invaded.







The BMW K100RT, introduced last September, outside Goodwood House. Its aerodynamic fairings distinguish it from the other K series models, and provide ample weather protection. The longitudinally-mounted, watercooled 1,000 cc engine, seen in close-up top centre, gives the bike a top speed of 133 mph, and 60 mph can be reached in 3.8 seconds. It cost around £100,000,000 to develop the K series, and the engine was tested over nearly 450,000 miles.

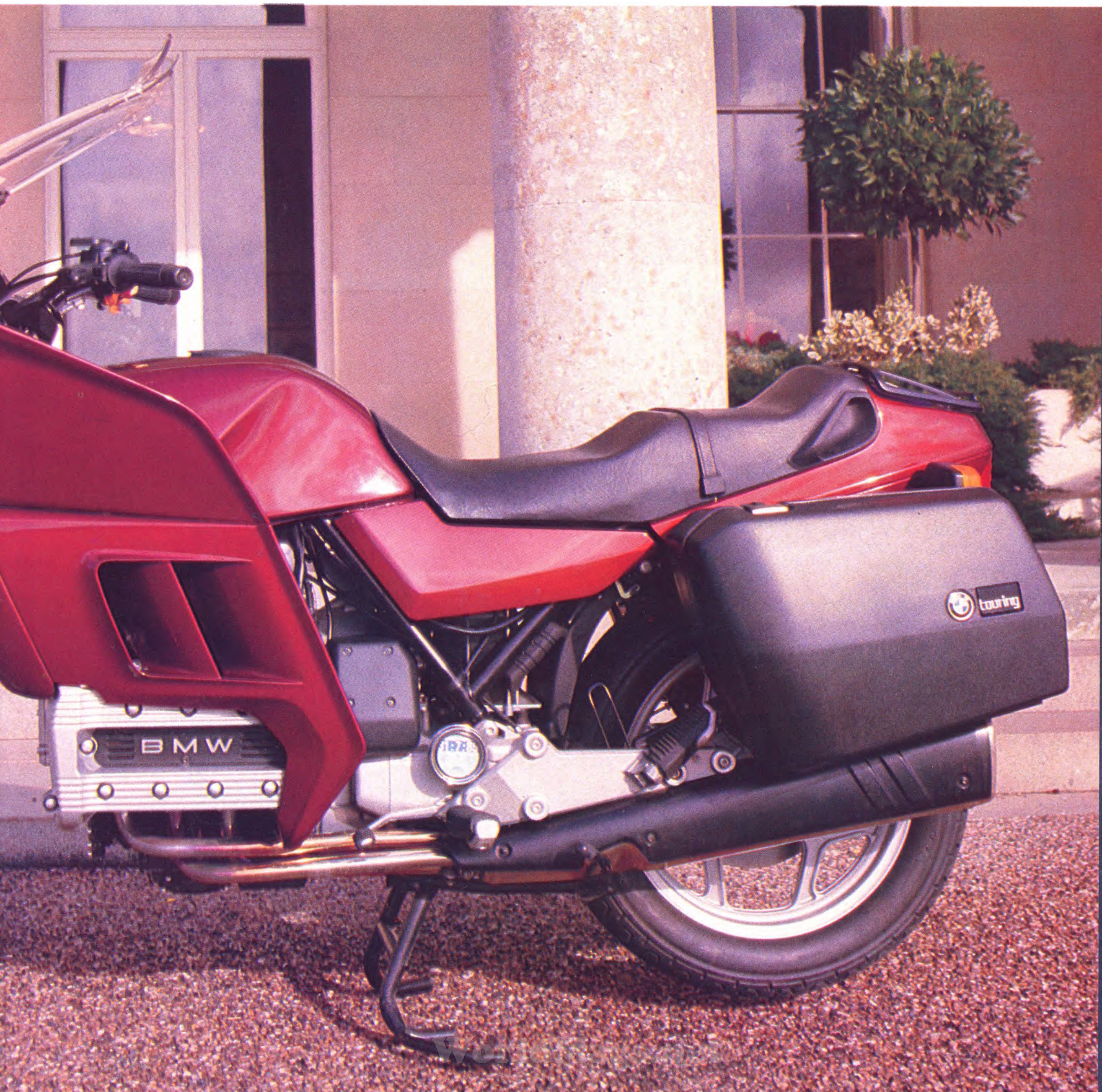
BMW's motorcycle division have recently introduced the latest model in their K series, the K100RT. With an engine costing £100,000,000 to develop, and a design based on extensive wind tunnel tests, it is one of the world's finest touring bikes

BMW–THE MASTER RACERS

Photographed by David Thorpe/Described by Neil Murray

BMW's motorcycles have, in recent years, set high standards with their aerodynamic, watercooled, large-engined machines. But their development into the sophisticated machines we know today was as much out of necessity than clever invention.

For 60 years the revered German motorcycle and car builders had retained the same basic layout for their bikes: an air-cooled four-stroke flat twin engine, driving the rear wheel by shaft instead of the more usual chain. The advantages of such a layout



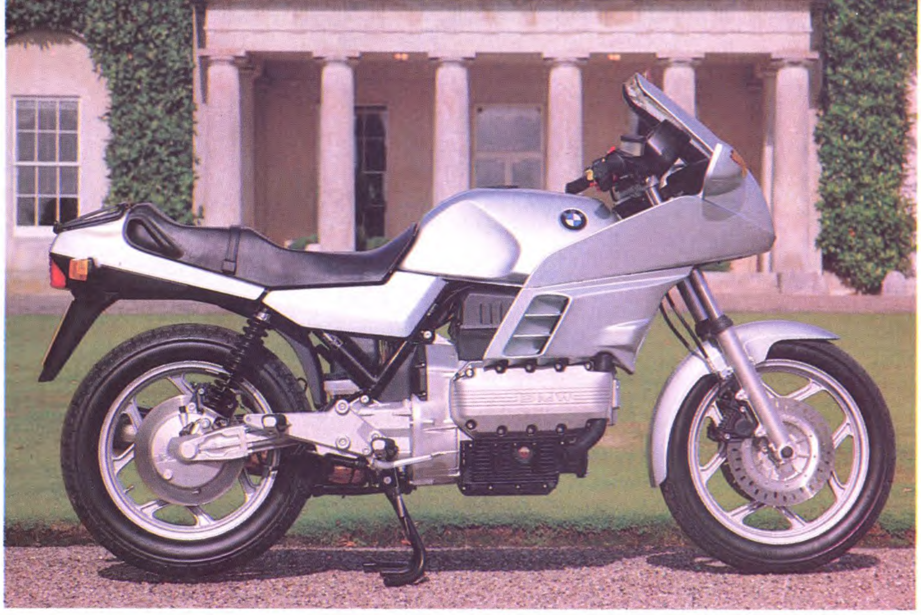
are legion: light weight, simplicity, a direct power flow from crankshaft to rear wheel, and near perfect smoothness from a well balanced engine. But time marched on.

In the sixties the motorcycle division of the BMW reached a watershed. Their machines were, by tradition, superbly finished, lasted for decades, and literally built by hand. Unfortunately they were so expensive that sales outside the police and military markets shrank to a trickle. BMW considered pulling out of motorcycles altogether, but decided that the performance and sophistication 'image' rubbed off favourably on their cars, and instead drastically revamped the machine. The whole thing was changed so that it lent itself to cheaper mass production techniques. The gamble worked, and sales climbed through the seventies, although there are some who claim (with justification) that the later BMW's were simply not built to the standard of their predecessors.

Come the mid to late seventies, BMW had to make another major decision. Their engine had been enlarged from its original 500cc to 750, 900 and then to a full litre as they tried to stay in competition with the new superbikes coming from Japan. In so doing they lost a lot of the original engine's sweetness, the ideal-sized engines being the 750 and 800cc units which offered the best balance between power, torque and smoothness. Put bluntly, the flat twin engine had reached the end of its life. The frames and running gear, though were still as good as anything on the road, and coupled with BMW's wind-tunnel designed fairings, the machines were probably *still* the most comfortable tourers.

More serious was the prospect of future noise legislation. The twin could not be made to pass the projected EEC noise laws. The Japanese recognised this, and began the switch to watercooled motors, as a water jacket is more or less essential to quieten an engine. BMW tried watercooling their flat twin as an experiment, but it wasn't a success. Either BMW had to build a completely new engine or they had to get out of motorcycles altogether. Again the decision was reached to carry on.

After four years development, they wound up with a motor as distinctive as their original flat twin. The new machines, the K series, employ a four-cylinder engine. This is now commonplace amongst Japanese builders, but where they usually set their cylinders transversely across the frame, BMW put their engine so that the cylinders run longitudinally. Not content with that, they then turned it through 90 degrees, so that the cylinder head is on the left hand side,



Top left: The sports model, K100RS, and to its right, the boxer-engined R80GS. Top right: Another boxer model still in production, the R80ST. Group picture: Centre, the K100RT; to its left, the K100R6. Continuing clockwise: The R6S, the R80GS, R80ST and K100.

BMW

RT

Above: The rider's view of the K100RT. Below: Its aerodynamic rear panniers.

K100
B465
EDP

and what would be the sump projects from the right. This arrangement gives the low centre of gravity that BMW deem so essential, plus the straight power flow via the shaft to the rear wheel. The advantages of ease of servicing are plain: access to both top and bottom ends of the motor are unequalled. Indeed the entire crankshaft, conrod and piston assembly can be removed from the right hand side of the bike without even the necessity of removing the petrol tank.

The engine uses a variation of the Bosch LE—Jetronic fuel injection system, which has been successfully employed on BMW's cars for some years now. As in the cars, in injectors shut down on the over-run, improving fuel consumption, and the built-in computer again cuts the flow at 8,500 rpm to avoid over-revving the engine.

Perhaps the most appealing feature of the engine is its power delivery. The boxer flat twins used to be renowned for their low down power and torque, and in the K bikes the engineers have striven to achieve the same results. Maximum power is 90 bhp: sufficient, but not a lot by Japanese standards, as the Japs sometimes manage to pull as much as another 30hp from engines of similar capacity. But the K pulls and pulls from almost zero revs, producing some 85 per cent of its peak torque at a mere 3500 rpm, which makes it one of the most 'drivable' machines on the market. Its flexibility means that far less gear changing is called for, and once in top gear the bike can almost be treated as an automatic.

Three versions of the K100 are available: the basic unfaired K100 at £3,595 the sporting K100RS with its integral fairing at £4,495, and the full touring K100RT at £4,595 (its specification including the rack and panniers which are optional extras on the other two versions). In all cases the engines are identical, but the naked version has slightly lower overall gearing and the steering stem set up for slightly quicker steering.

I've ridden all three now, having been present at the recent launch in Corsica of the fully faired K100RT, and am firmly convinced that the years of development have been worthwhile. The K machines are amongst the best on the roads. In my opinion, however the naked K100 is the most unsatisfactory. It's equipped with a wide handlebar that stretches the rider like a parachute, and maintaining high cruising speeds is painfully difficult. The RS is equipped with a flat and narrow bar which puts more weight on the front end, and it steers impeccably. The sports fairing acts as an aerodynamic crutch, and the stability of the RS at speeds over 70 mph, right up to its maximum of 137 mph, is uncanny. On sweeping bends it stays exactly where the rider puts it.

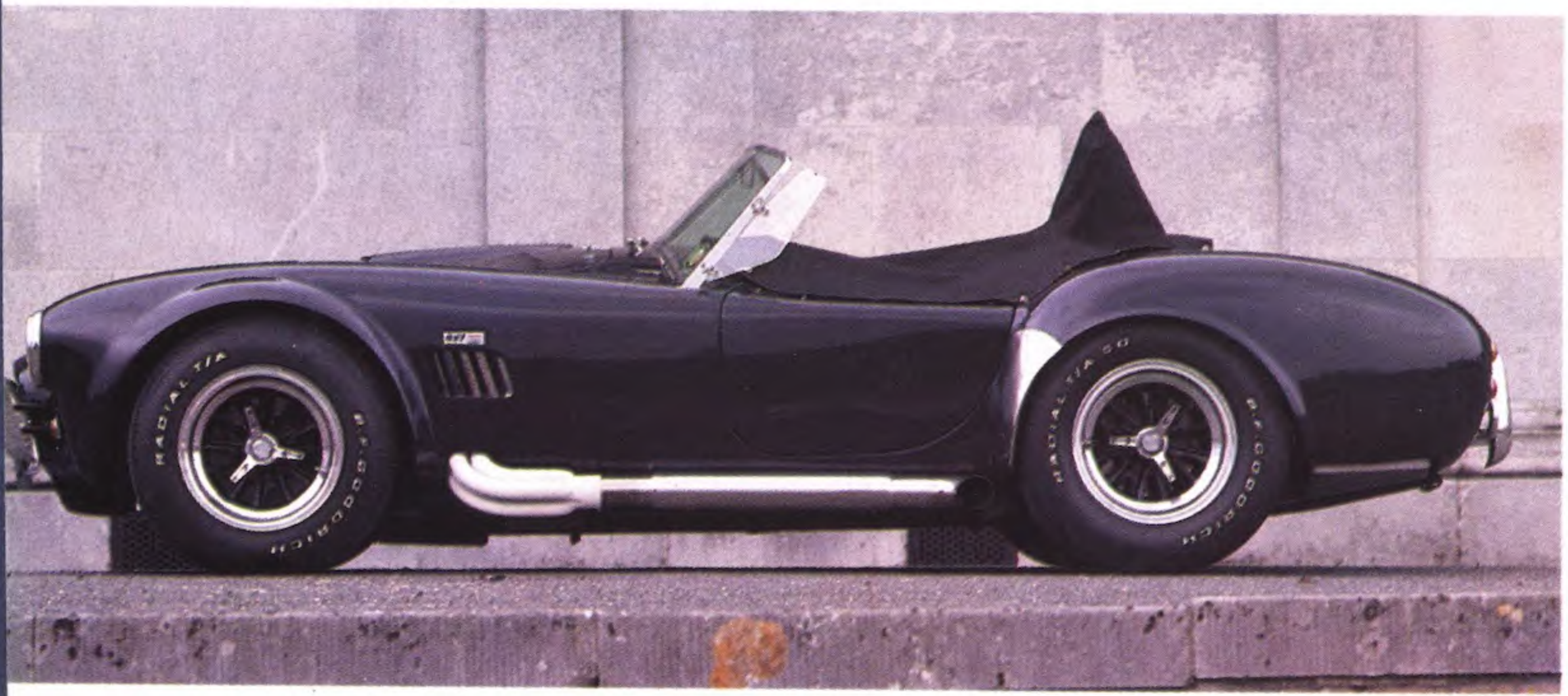
The RT's fairing goes all round to give the protection from wind and weather so necessary in a long distance tourer. At the same time the bars are raised to give a comfortable riding position behind the windbreak of the fairing. The panniers are quickly detachable, and they hold a deceptively large amount of luggage: more than enough for a weekend trip for two, and they're big enough to allow a suit to be carried if it's folded once over. If you need even more luggage space, BMW and the other aftermarket firms manufacture soft tank-top and rack bags that attach with the minimum of fuss.

Top speed on the K100 is about 130 mph. Despite the large fairing, the RT is still good for 133 mph. Cruising speeds of the RS and RT are more or less what you want to make of them. The RS will hold 120 mph for as long as you or your licence can take it. The RT will run indefinitely at around 115 mph. Fuel consumption overall is about 45 mpg for all three machines, giving a range of about 200 miles. No fuel gauge is fitted, but warning lights are there to tell you when you have first seven, and then four litres left.

The bikes still aren't perfect. All are afflicted to a greater or lesser extent by high frequency vibration. The engines form a stressed part of the frame, and therefore rubber mountings cannot be employed without ruining the handling. A four-cylinder motor produces a fair amount of secondary vibration, and it must be said that in this respect the Japanese are still ahead. Kawasaki use the engine as a stressed frame member in their 150 mph GPz900, but they equip it with a balancer shaft to quell the vibration. BMW ought to have done the same. The bikes are also quite tall, which causes problems in traffic for those short in the leg. Other quibbles are mostly subjective: I think the switchgear is fussy, and not as easy to use as the best Japanese stuff (the horn, for example, is almost impossible to find first go, and the indicator system employs no less than *three* separate buttons). And aesthetically the bike could be improved. The car-type radiator surround is bulky, on the unfaired K100 the injectors look unsightly, and the silencer on all three models is hideous.

But taken all round they're probably the best-balanced high-mileage motorcycles on the market. Like the boxer twins before them, they have the traditional BMW qualities of rideability, good handling, comfort, long range, and superb finish. This last is one of the most important aspects. Without a shadow of doubt the motorcycles are built and finished to the same standard as BMW's cars, and that puts them on a plane higher than any other mass-produced motorcycles. It also helps their resale value.

BMW have some scathing things to say about the Japanese and their marketing philosophy. They attack the Japanese manufacturers for their shortsighted and ultimately harmful policy of aiming for performance at all cost, for their advertising which emphasizes this aspect and few others, for their planned obsolescence and their ruinous cut-throat selling tactics. By ignoring these ills, and concentrating on their strengths of design and marketing, BMW have reached a position when their sales are booming while almost everybody else's are slumping drastically. They aim to present motorcycling as a hugely enjoyable sporting alternative to car travel: something for the thinking man or woman to discover and practise without the need for oily hands or dirty dishevelled clothing. The RT is probably the best all rounder given the needs of a British motorcyclist. If you're thinking of a possible return to motorcycling, you could do much worse. And not a lot better.



Two splendid examples of the AC Cobra, introduced in 1962. Large picture right and two pictures above: Rod Leach of Nostalgia Garage's 7-litre Cobra. In 1966, when it first appeared, this was one of the fastest production cars in the world. Top left: The Cobra 289 with a 4,727cc Ford V8 engine. Made between 1965 and 1969, it could reach 153 mph, and made 50 mph in 3.3 seconds.

In the 1950s, with the aid of enthusiastic American Carroll Shelby, AC improved the performance of its cars with large US engines. All the models could top the ton, and the 7-litre V8 Cobra became one of the fastest production cars in the world

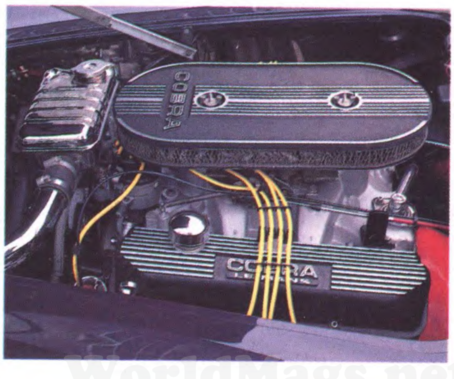
AC

THE LEGENDARY SPORTS CARS

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland and Ed Alexander

When AC introduced the Cobra in 1962, it was no flash in the pan. The exciting sports-car, which was to become one of the fastest production vehicles around in the sixties, was the result of many years of racing and touring car production. It derived from the simple single-cylinder Auto-Carrier, and advanced by leaps and bounds with the years. At Brooklands Track, the AC was seen as a series of slim, often overhead camshaft, racing light-cars, able to cock the proverbial snook at far larger racers because, although under 1,500cc, they were good for over 100 mph. Also, JA Joyce's AC, made record ascents up the test hill – a formidable

Near right: The 7-litre engine from the Cobra, seen overleaf, in close-up. Bottom right and above: The AC Ace-Bristol built between 1956 and 1963, a similar model to the AC Ace but containing a slightly smaller 1,971cc Bristol engine. This model had a top speed of around 116 mph. Top left: Another example of the Ace-Bristol seen at the AC Owners annual meet. Top right: An unpainted AC Ace. The 1,991cc Ford-engined Ace was first built in 1953, and production continued for ten years. Its maximum speed was approximately 103 mph.



one-in-five concrete gradient within the track.

On the road the AC was for many years a de-luxe $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre and 2-litre car; the single-overhead-camshaft light-alloy six-cylinder power unit of the later models setting a hallmark for the Thames Ditton Company. The glistening all-aluminium early sports models were outstanding though elevated in price as well as performance. They were also rather hampered by their three-speed back-axle-located gearboxes. All that changed with the introduction of the Tojeiro-designed tubular-chassis AC powered with the now age-old AC six-cylinder engine, or the more powerful Bristol power-unit. It was this that led to the highly exciting, sleek, top-performance Cobra.

I have called the Cobra exciting. Let me justify this. The Mark III model known as

Large picture right: AC's current model, the ME 3000, now made in Glasgow. First built in 1979, it has a 3-litre Ford V8 engine, and costs £12,850. Above: The AC Greyhound coupé made between 1959 and 1963, and available with either a 1,971cc, 1,991cc or 2,216cc engine. Above that and top left: Two Aceca coupés. The Aceca was first built in 1954 and lasted until 1963. Initially it had a 2-litre engine, latterly this was enlarged to 2.6 litres. Top right: AC's Frua-bodied 428 using a Ford 7-litre V8 engine, made between 1967 and 1973 capable of up to 141 mph.

the Cobra 427, poking out around 500 bhp, would accelerate from a standstill to 60 mph in 4.2 seconds, reach 80 mph in 6.8 seconds, and devour a standing-start $\frac{1}{4}$-mile in just 12.4 seconds, before reaching, space and courage permitting, its maximum speed of 165 mph. I know these pick-up figures may have been slightly bettered in recent drag-duals between top 1980's sports-cars, but this was 17 or more years ago. There were even mildly better 0-60 mph acceleration figures for the 1962 Mark I Cobra. That developed a mere 260 bhp, but this was not maintained up the speed scale. The Mark I's top pace was a comparatively pedestrian 126 mph.

To give credit to the Cobra you have to think back to Texas, in 1955. And to a picturesque fellow named Carroll Shelby. Shelby, born in 1923, could be described as a good-looking, tall, Texan who graduated, by way of being a wartime battle-pilot and chicken-rancher, to an overwhelming love of very fast motor-cars. Dealing in sports-cars, importing our Lister jobs to America, Shelby had also been a trucker, a tyre distributor, and had opened some very effective racing-driver schools. Dissatisfied with the money offered to him

when he was driving for Ferrari, the shrewd, articulate Texan decided to build a sports-car that might beat the Modena marque, and this is how the Cobra came into being. However Carroll Shelby didn't often race it himself. He took on the classic Le Mans 24-hour race only once in an AC, in 1954. He was partnered by that wealthy amateur RAF pilot, the late Dickie Stoop, but they had to retire.

Rumour has it that ill-health forced Carroll Shelby off the race tracks, to concentrate on his ploy of building high-go sports jobs around British AC components and American engines. In this he liaised very closely with the English AC factory, and it was found that the new generation of light-weight (though cast-iron) Ford V8 engines would shoe-horn into the former AC Ace frame. Until Henry Ford II threw him out, Lee Iacocca was busy giving the American Ford empire a sporting image, so AC had access to the Robert Stirrat designed 221 cubic inch motor. Here was a reliable engine giving more than 220 bhp without any 'souping', and also, around 260 lb/foot torque. Allied to a Warner all-synchro, close-ratio gearbox, here was an ideal recipe for a new breed of very impressive AC Cobra sports-car. Especially since the Salisbury back-axle was quite able to look after itself when standing up to racing starts from engines that were eventually to poke out about 500 bhp and 2,000 lb/foot of torque. A Spicer limited-slip differential helped, too.

The close co-operation between Thames Ditton and Shelby's American company paid off. It is to the ever-lasting credit of AC, that they listened to the enthusiastic Texan, and were willing to co-operate. Although ACs only ran at Le Mans from 1957 to 1963, and never won there (the best placing being 7th in 1959 and 1963, by drivers, Whiteaway/Turner and Bolton/Sanderson respectively), engine size between those years had rocketed from 2-litres to 4.7-litres. The theme of big, effortless engines in the light-weight, rigid AC frame with its sleek all-enveloping open two-seater or coupé body continued up until the use of 7-litre Ford-power.

As well as appearing in club races here and world-wide, the Cobra amply fulfilled Carroll Shelby's intention of winning SCCA-class races. Regional, National and production-car Championships fell to the Cobra, year after year, culminating in 1965 with victory in the FIA World Manufacturers' Grand Touring Championship, and in the USRRC Championship of 1963 and 1964. As a production proposition the scene was less encouraging. Shelby had intended to make and sell 1,000 Cobras a year in California from 1962, but it took until 1967 for that number to be made and sold.

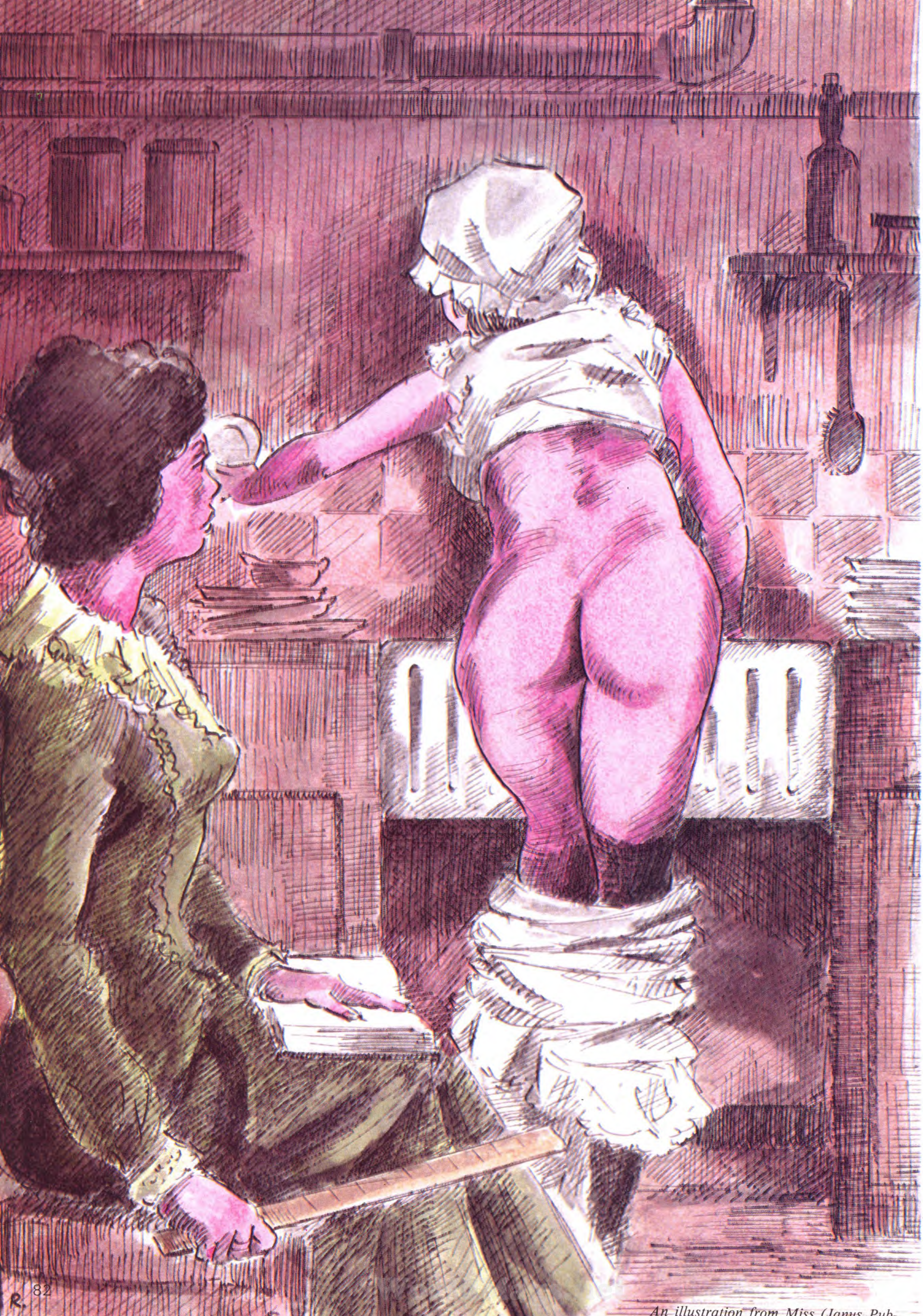
That notwithstanding, the first Cobras, with the 4.2-litre Ford V8 motor breathing through four Weber 45 DCOE9 carburettors, were potent indeed, with all this poke in a seven feet six inch wheelbase car weighing 18 cwt. Much of the running could be done in the 3.77 to 1 top gear if the driver so desired, the cost being a petrol consumption of 14 to 18 mpg. The big-engined 7-litre job, which could be purchased on the West Coast of the USA for $7,495 in 1966, was rated as one of the fastest production cars in the world. And a somewhat frightening one, into the bargain!

In time the chassis was strengthened, and the AC 427 came to be regarded as a very venomous snake indeed. But it didn't last for long.

Ford made their own competition mid-engined cars, and had no further use for Shelby or AC. AC countered with a Frua-bodied luxury car, still with 7-litres of Ford V8 power. That ran until 1973, as the AC 428, costing £7,010. Then came the existing mid-engined ME3000 venture, with a Ford 3-litre V8 motor and AC's own five-speed gearbox. Produced in very small numbers from 1979, the £12,850 ME3000 is getting into its stride now, although the factory producing it is no longer based at Thames Ditton but in Glasgow. The current model has a top speed of around 125 mph, and goes from rest to 60 mph in approximately 8 seconds.

And what of the Cobra? The number of modern replicas of it now on the market testify to the correctness of this breathtaking formula. This means that it is still possible to have a taste of Cobra today, in the guise of for example the Dax kit-car Cobra or the BRA 427, another kit-car Cobra replica. These reduced the cost of Cobra-owning from around £50,000 for a used example to some £5,000 to £6,000 if you are spanner-handy. But for some anything other than the real thing just won't do.

HAIEEE!
HAGHHH!
!!6!
NOEL FORD



An illustration from Miss (Janus Publications), memoirs of a young lady.

From fertility rites in ancient Rome to backstreets in Bayswater, flagellation has been a surprisingly popular erotic stimulant, immortalised by poets and authors. Many of history's leading figures have happily submitted to sexual chastisement

What did Fanny Hill and St Francis, Mr. Gladstone and the Governess have in common?

Six of the best for the right answer

By C Baxter

Certain nationalities seem to have lent their names – and it's said their preferences – to specific sexual pleasures. Thus 'O' is gastronomically 'French', enjoying a bum is strangely 'Greek', while the English appear always to have had a fascination for the birch. Sexual flagellation is known the world over as 'English sex' – or just 'English'.

That we, more than any other men, love ladies who offer 'strict discipline' was believed even by the influential sexologist Havelock Ellis in the 1940s, although he did afterwards doubt if it was any less common in the USA, where today every massage parlour worth its rub has an 'English room' kitted out with straps, paddles and whips. In many of the States these parlours openly advertise in the local paper – 'our English room can't be beat' is a popular boast.

Although others may, in contempt, think of flagellation as the 'English vice' they are by no means ignorant of its pleasures, which have been known for an awful long time.

The Spartans used to birch handsome young boys in honour of the goddess Artemis, the 'Virgin Huntress'. During the ceremony the high priestess would continually cry, 'Harder! Harder!' until an erotic reaction was induced, and the boy ejaculated, fertilising the ground with his semen.

Flagellation was used by many ancient cultures as an important part of their fertility rites, and a form of this was still practised by the Romans during the 'Lupercalia', a festival held at the beginning of February. Then, young men were at liberty to thrash the bottom of any girl they might see in order to make her more fertile.

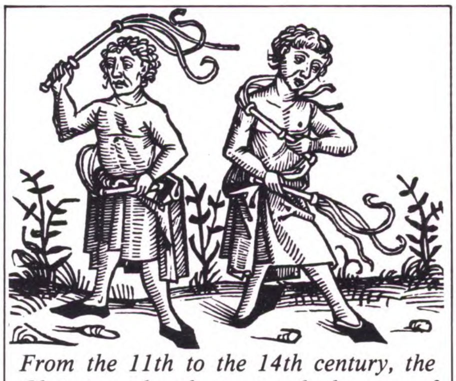
Gradually flagellation assumed a more erotic significance than mere wholesome fertility. For example, some Greek vases depict orgies in which a naked girl is being slippered, and the hero of the *Satyricon* a 'novel' written during the time of Nero is whipped with nettles by a witch in an effort to make him 'as hard as a horn', in preparation for the bed of a high priestess. Perhaps 'hero' is not quite appropriate since throughout the book he steals, murders and generally sleeps around with either sex.

Actually the author of the Satyricon, a consul called Petronius, seems to have had a pretty racy life himself, spending his days sleeping, and his nights in search of pleasure. But he fell foul of the Emperor Nero, and took his own life to avoid execution. One evening he talked merrily to his friends over dinner at his villa near Naples, while all the time opening his veins with a knife, and then, as the fancy took him, binding them up again or re-opening them. In this way Petronius slowly died, but not before writing a full and very witty account of Nero's various sexual adventures, specifying the novel forms his lust had taken. This, Petronius sent to the Emperor,

The use of stinging nettles mentioned in the *Satyricon* is interesting since many such plants, and stinging heat in general, were regarded throughout history as aphrodisiacs. Even insatiable lust in a woman was believed by the Arabs to be caused by a tiny stinging worm having embedded itself in her vagina, as is told in one story of a *Thousand and One Arabian Nights* – at least in the adult editions!

A heating up of the skin by either nettles or whipping was held to be very significant by the German doctor Johann Meibom. In 1629 he published the first book that attempted a medical investigation of flagellation.

Meibom thought that semen was stored not in the testicles but in the 'loins', a vague area of the body frequently mentioned in the Bible as the location of a man's 'strength'. His theory, put briefly, was that semen could only flow from the loins when hot, and in an impotent man heat had to be supplied from outside the body by whipping his bottom before he could ejaculate.



From the 11th to the 14th century, the Christian church approved the use of the whip or scourge as a form of penance.

His ideas are nonsense, but at least Meibom knew that flagellation can cause a powerful erection, something which Fanny Hill discovers for herself in James Cleland's erotic 1748 classic: *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure.*

Fanny is asked to take the birch to the impotent Mr Barville who is 'under the tyranny of a cruel taste', and can only get an erection through the effects of whipping. She is surprised at finding him so young (he is 23) for she thinks that it is generally old men who are 'obliged to have recourse to this experiment'. Nevertheless she goes ahead and enacts what is probably the best and sexiest description of flagellation.

At this time she is under the guidance of Mrs Cole, an old wise Madame, who introduces her to Mr Barville. On his instructions Fanny is dressed in her 'uniform' of stockings, satin slippers, petticoat and a loose, low-cut white gown. And again on his instructions she orders him to lie down on a bench, suitably softened with cushions, which he does 'after some little show of reluctance, for form's sake'. She ties his legs with his own garters, and takes down his breeches revealing 'a pair of chubby, smooth-cheek'd and passing white posteriors'.

Fanny then gives him ten hard lashes with the birch, and is surprised that he doesn't object, but instead urges her to continue. So she gives him ten more lashes, but now observes Mr Barville 'grinding his belly against the cushion under him in a way that was not the effect of pain, but of some new and powerful sensation'. Naturally, of course, a young girl like Fanny is curious, and slips a hand under his tummy to be greatly amazed that 'his machine was now grown to a prodigious stiffness of erection'.

Mr Barville is desperate, and begs Fanny to continue the discipline. She takes up the rod again and eventually 'after an increase of struggles and motion and a deep sign or two' he lies still and asks her to stop and to untie him. This Fanny does and helps him up from the bench, seeing 'on the cushions the marks of a plenteous effusion'. As Fanny puts it, Mr Barville was in 'sweetbriars'.

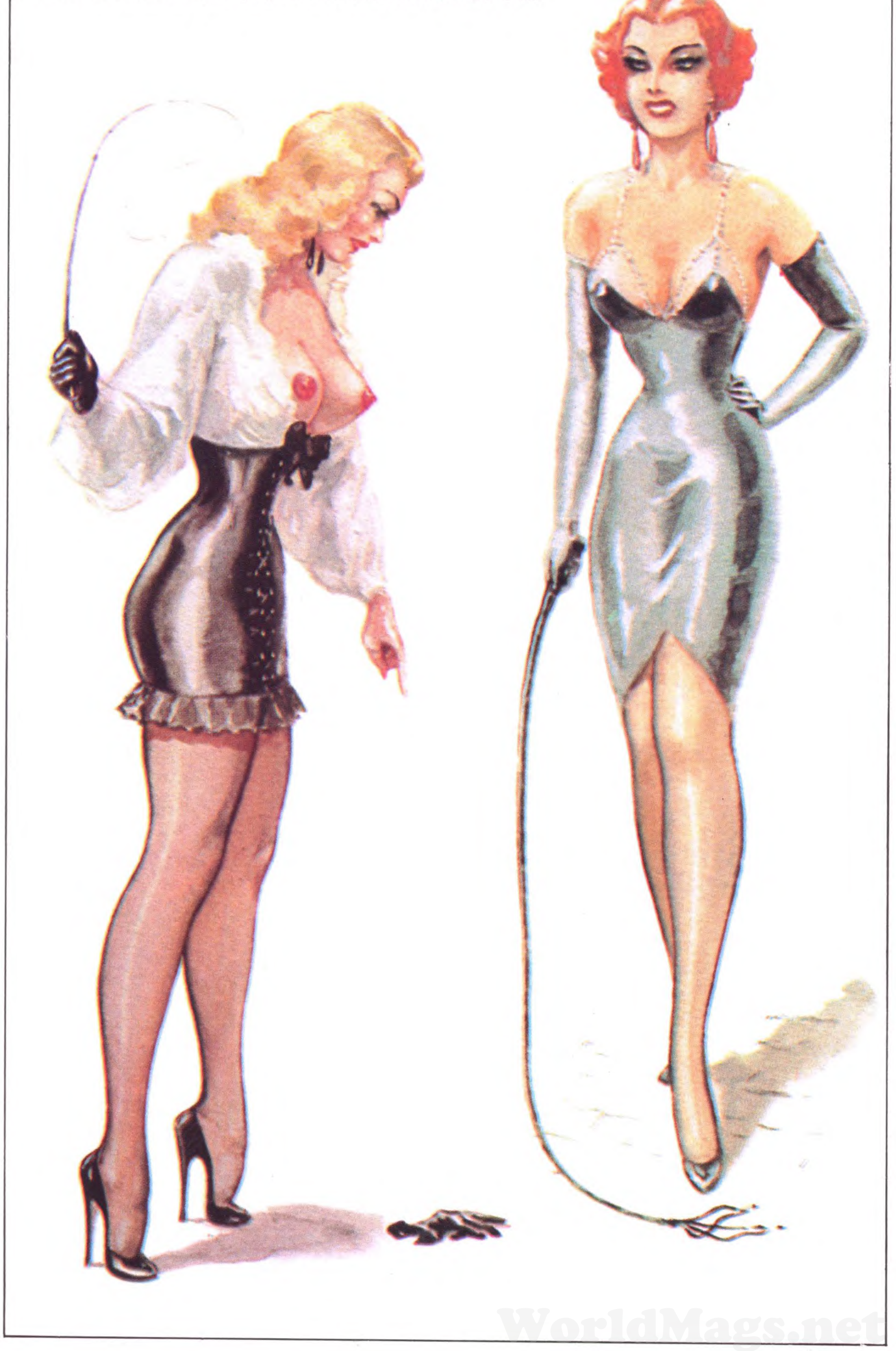
If flagellation could stimulate a sluggish 'machine', it is hardly surprising that many people thought it beneficial in fighting other more mundane forms of tiredness. Even the famous 17th Century botanical book *Culpeper's Complete Herbal* maintains that stinging nettles rubbed over the body is an excellent treatment for lethargy. But by the time of the 19th century, flagellation was thought by some to cure practically all ailments from rheumatism to VD!

These quack medical uses were often quoted in advertisements for Victorian flagellant brothels. London weeklies such as *Town Talk* and *Society*, both published during the 1890s, carried pages of such advertisements. A Miss Thornton, of 111 Edgware Road, offered 'special treatment for rheumatism' and Augusta Montgomery, also of Edgware Road, offered her 'School of Modern Discipline' for rheumatism, neuralgia and nerves.

Advertisements like these are part of the flagellant phantasy, just as much as the 'south-coast school mistress' who will punish 'naughty boys' or the 'strict riding mistress available for unruly stallions' – two advertisements culled at random from present-day contact magazines.

There was (and still is) much money to be made, and a certain Mrs Mac-, of Great Tichfield Street, put the supposed properties of flagellation as a cure for tiredness to an enjoyable and profitable use.

Water-colour drawings from John Willie's famous cartoon series Gwendoline, *so popular in the 1940s and '50s.*



Her exploits are quaintly related in *Harris's List of Covent Garden Ladies for the Year 1793*. These 'Lists', published over several years at the end of the 18th century, gave the name (usually abbreviated), address, description and a short biography of some of London's better-class call girls. They included any speciality the lady might offer as well as her fees.

Mrs Mac- is described as a lady of 25, 'with a lovely fair complexion, and very expressive blue eyes'. For a while she had a lodger, 'a Russian gentleman', and each day 'she used to go up to his bed-chamber, about 11 o'clock dressed, according to his desire, in a white deshabillé, with a black hat adorned with six large white ostrich feathers, her hair dressed in the extreme of fashion, and a beautiful bouquet in her bosom of a most enormous size, bought that very morning at Covent Garden, then she would whip him with a large bundle of new birch for not getting up sooner, with a severity scarce credible, the comedy would then finish by his plunging into the Gulf of Venus, raising her soul to ecstatic bliss, and giving her such a treat of voluptuous enjoyment, such a feast of amorous delight as to convince her of the magic of the birch rod'. They were certainly both well satisfied, 'for the short time she lived with that gentleman she got near £500 from him'.

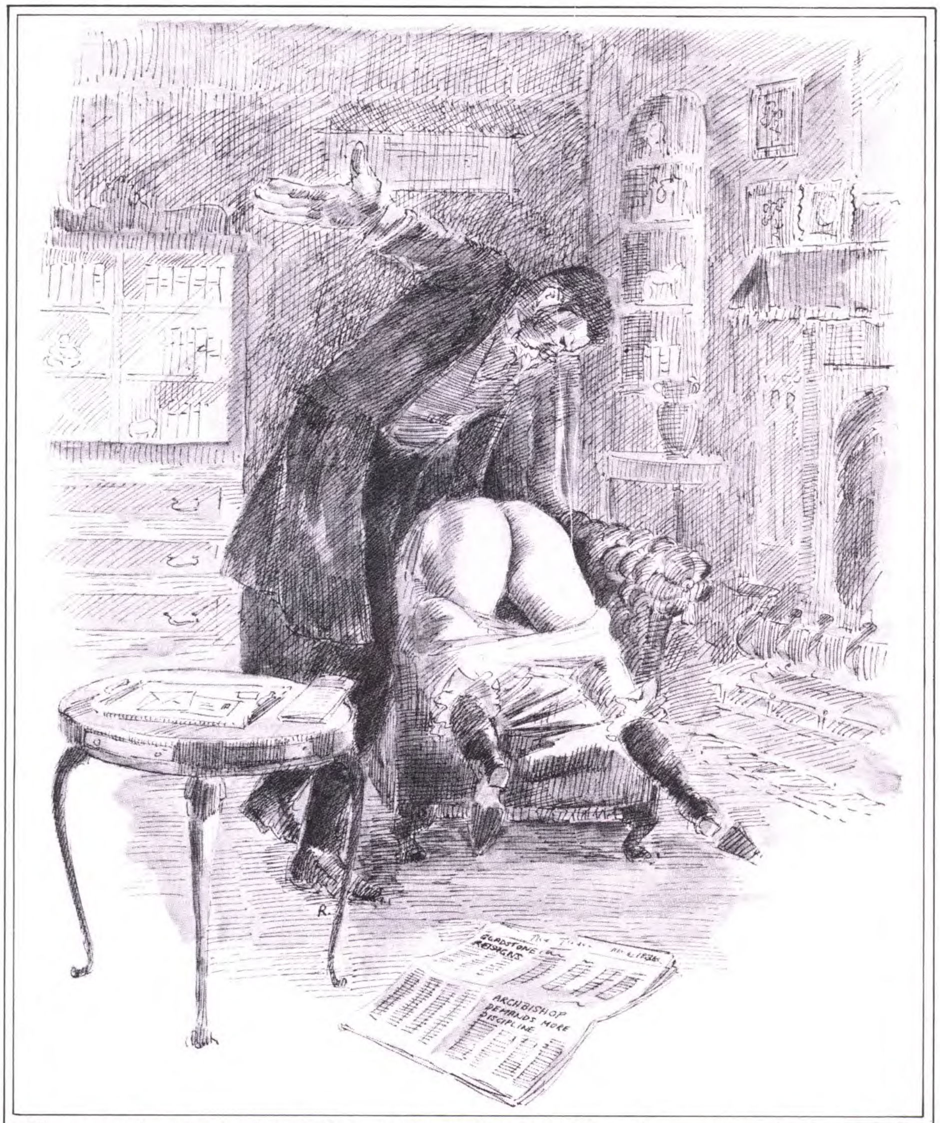
Sexual flagellation has attracted the curiosity and sometimes the fixation of many famous people. The 18th century philosopher Rousseau was profoundly affected throughout his life by a punishment he received from his governess. The Victorian romantic poet Swinburne often visited a flagellant brothel in St John's Wood, and the great Liberal Prime Minister Gladstone was frequently whipped, possibly by his own hand but this is not certain. Perhaps also Charles II can be included since a popular street song of his day tells that his mistress Nell Gwynn was an expert in the use of the birch. It is unlikely that impotency figured greatly in his case as he had more than one mistress and several illigitimate children!

This raises an interesting question. Do only the impotent like Mr Barville resort to flagellation? Certainly one would think so from reading practically all the medical treatises from the time of Meibom until just about the present day. That virile males could enjoy being whipped seemed to have escaped the notice of most doctors and sexologists.

However, it did not escape writers of the erotic. Choose almost any of the great works of Victorian pornography, and one will not have to read far before a rod is brought from out a handy bedside drawer, and used on a young and well endowed 'hero'.

Frequently so in something like *The Romance of Lust*, a notorious book that purports to describe the so-called 'early experiences' of Charlie Roberts, a sexually insatiable Victorian adolescent. Nothing and nobody is barred to him. He beds sisters, aunts, cousins, and daughters in an almost continual onslaught of initiation, defloration,

turn to page 86



The young heroine is chastised in an illustration from Miss, *the memoirs of a young lady.*

Six of the Best

continued from page 84

voyeurism, incest, flagellation, bi-sexuality and group sex.

The story opens when Charlie is only 15, but whose 'passions were awakening' and whose manhood 'was very sufficiently developed when under the influence of feminine excitement'.

Charlie is certainly no Mr Barville!

He engineers beatings from his two voluptuous governesses, a Miss Evelyn and a Miss Frankland, and during Charlie's sexual romps the rod is often used on him, and also by him on his partners, who are always well-formed, if not positively plump, young ladies with enormous bums.

This illustrates a truism: those who enjoy being whipped nearly always enjoy whipping their partner in return. Even Mr Barville's crual tyranny was double-headed, for after his own beating he takes the birch to Fanny.

Here Cleland is again a master of the erotic, highlighting, for example, the pleasure Mr Barville has gloating over Fanny's 'back parts, naked half-way up'.

After enjoying the view Mr Barville takes up the rod, and begins to gently whack her bum, gradually increasing the severity, until, with Fanny on her hands and knees, he lashes hard into her. Naturally Fanny's 'province of pleasure' comes in for its fair share of suffering.

When a supper is afterwards brought in by Mrs Cole, Fanny is sullen for having had to endure so much pain, and she will not speak to Mr Barville.

But then an odd change occurs. As Fanny herself says, 'The smart of the lashes was now converted to such a prickly heat, such fiery tinglings, as made me sigh, squeeze my thighs together, shift and wriggle about my seat with a furious restlessness.' The beating was having its desired effect. It was as if that tiny stinging worm of a *Thousand and One Arabian Nights* had burrowed into her 'province of pleasure' – in short, Fanny was on heat.

Unfortunately Mr Barville again cannot measure-up, and so Fanny has once more to whip him – this time with desperate eagerness. Happily she quickly produces 'a noble size', but now there is the hellishly frustrating problem of finding a position that will not aggravate her very sore bum.

Thankfully Mr Barville is a man with imagination.

Standing, he turns Fanny topsy-turvy, her head resting upon cushions on the floor, and her thighs clinging about him. And so with her back and red bum plainly and pleasingly in full view of Mr Barville, he, with the utmost eagerness and effort, gives to Fanny 'the dear relief of nature'.

As well as supposedly promoting fertility, the flagellation of women in ancient times was also often an initiation and purification ordeal. Interestingly when the Popes in the 5th century finally banned the 'Lupercalia', thus sparing the girls of Rome from having their bottoms smacked, they turned the festival into the Christian feast of the 'Purification of the Virgin'.

In Thessaly, a region of northern Greece notorious for witchcraft, girls were beaten during secret ceremonies to honour Aphrodite, the goddess of love.

But probably the most famous are the rites depicted in wall paintings found in a Roman villa on the outskirts of Pompeii. In this so-called 'Villa of the Mysteries' can be seen pictures of the ceremonies associated with the worship of Dionysus, a god of Nature – and hence of sex. (On the island of Delos in the Aegean there is an altar to Dionysus in the form of an enormous stone penis.)

In one of these paintings a naked girl kneels with her head in the lap of a woman who comforts her while she is beaten with a long rod. Beside them is a huge phallic symbol. The next picture shows the ordeal over, and the naked girl dancing for joy in preparation for her 'marriage' to the god – to the man who would be playing the part of Dionysus.

Somewhat similar ceremonies were, and still are, practised by witches, who, after the ordeal of flagellation, would then have sex with the 'devil'.

These religious or mystical aspects give special significance to Fanny's 'uniform' of a loose white gown. She was dressed as a virgin girl – as she rightly says, 'like a victim led to sacrifice'.

Sexual flagellation is still very much a ritual, a kind of fantasy play in which all who take part know their lines word perfect, and nothing is done that is not expected. Remember how Mr Barville at first resisted Fanny's order to lie on the bench 'for form's sake', and Mrs Mac- engaged in a 'comedy' with her Russian lodger.

As in all rituals the props, costumes and roles are of vital importance. The poet Swinburne advised those women who aspired to the profession of birching to 'keep a small book containing a series of birch scenes, written in a dramatic form, which, when your visitor calls, you should put into his hands, and ask him which of them he would like to enact with you'.

Swinburne, a great lover of the birch, published these so-called 'Hints on Flogging' anonymously in 1888 as part of *The Whippingham Papers*, a grand piece of pornography. He also wrote sometimes for *The Pearl*, the Victorian journal of erotica.

The 'Hints' further advise that the flogger should simulate 'passionate anger with her subject' who must pretend to be 'powerless to resist the punishment inflicted'. As for the qualities that go to make the best whipper, Swinburne thinks that she cannot be more than 30 and her figure should incline to the plump, with strong and finely rounded arms. He adds that during the flogging a good view should be obtained of round full breasts heaving with exertion. One need not be reminded of the low cut dresses of Fanny and Mrs Mac-!

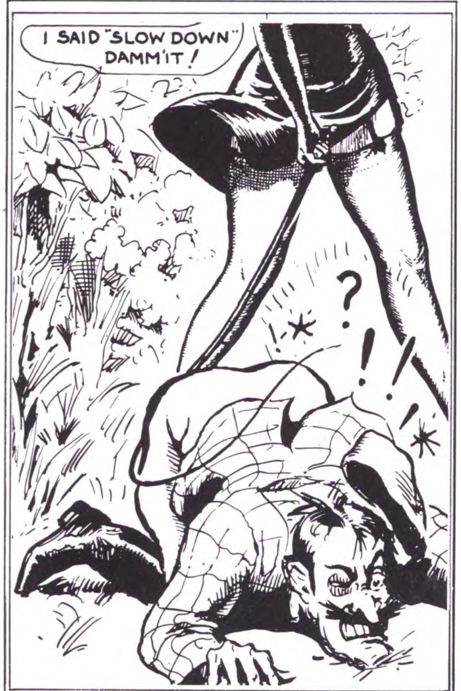
Whether the most famous flagellant 'governess' of all – Mrs Theresa Berkley – would have fitted Swinburne's ideal is not certain. Unfortunately there appears to be no contemporary description of her, but she did operate her brothel in what is now Hallam Street, which runs north from the BBC's Broadcasting House.

It is said that her birches were kept in water when not in use, so as to be always green and pliant, and that those who visited her establishment could – if they had plenty of money – be birched, fustigated, scourged, nettle-pricked, half-hanged, holly-brushed, curry-combed, etc.

She is probably best known for her invention of the Berkley Horse. This was a sort of padded folding ladder to which her customers were tied to receive their beatings. The contraption could be placed at whatever angle was thought to be the most titillating.

Theresa certainly made an awful lot of money from her Horse because a few days after she died in 1836, her brother, a missionary in Australia, arrived to find that he had inherited over £12,000. However, when he learnt of the source of his sister's wealth he renounced all claim to it.

Many other 'governesses' made vast fortunes, for Victorian England seemed never short of men willing to pay the very high fees charged in flagellant brothels. In 1898 one such establishment, known as 'The Balneopathic Institution for the Treatment of Rheumatism', demanded £4 to to birched by one of its 'nurses'. And fees have certainly kept pace with inflation. During a very famous criminal trial in 1963 it was stated that the then market price for a single stroke of the birch was £1. Whatever the going rate is today, you can be certain of one thing – THE BIRCH RULES, OK.


I SAID "SLOW DOWN" DAMM'IT !
?
!*
!

Villainous Sir D'Arcy takes a whipping in a Gwendoline *cartoon strip which appeared in John Willie's* Bizarre *magazine (1946-1959), with his own illustrations.*

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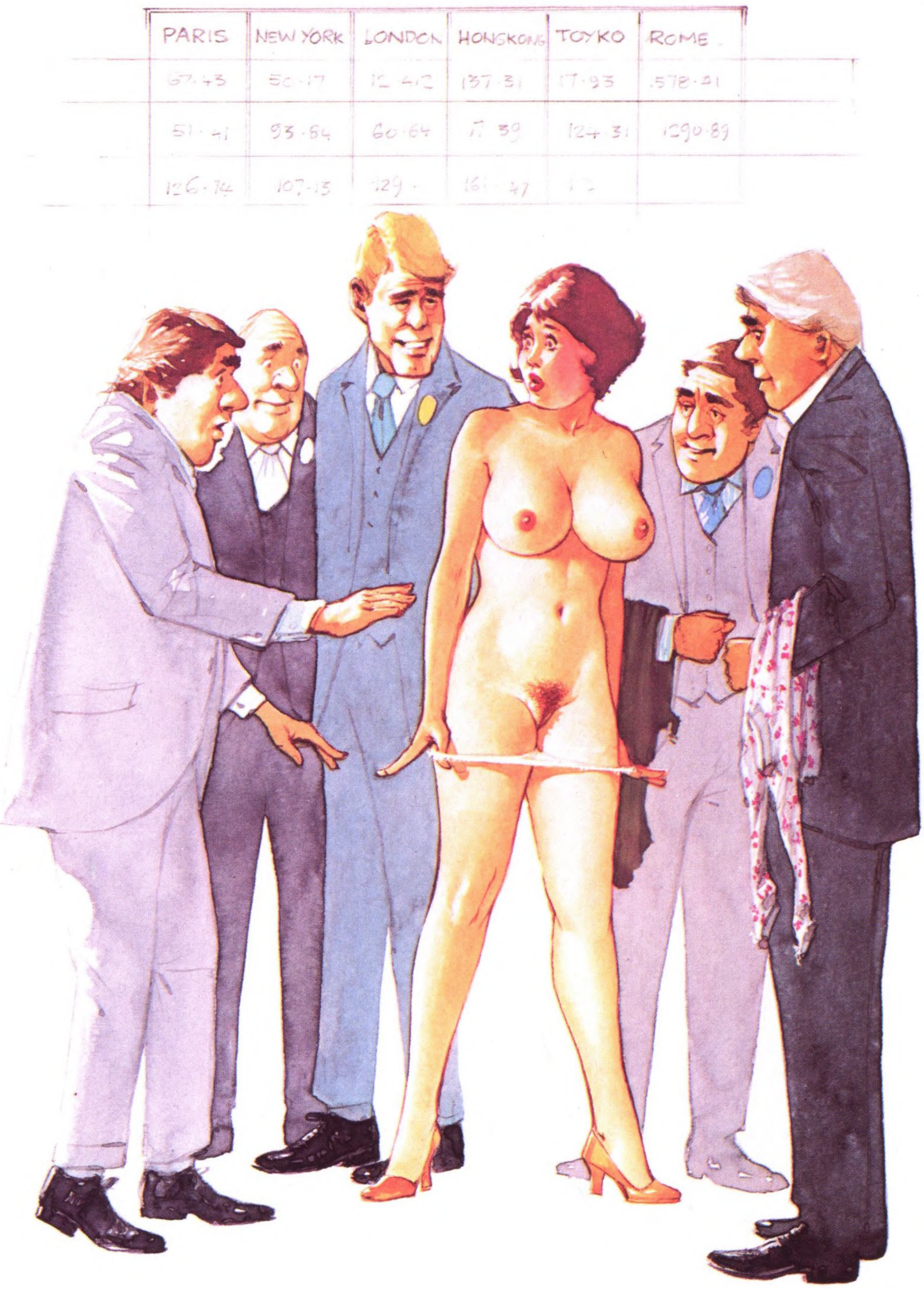
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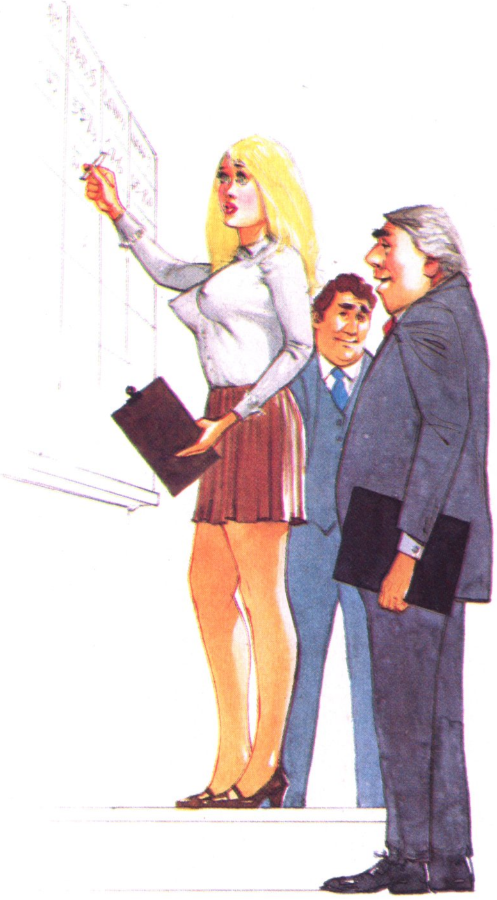
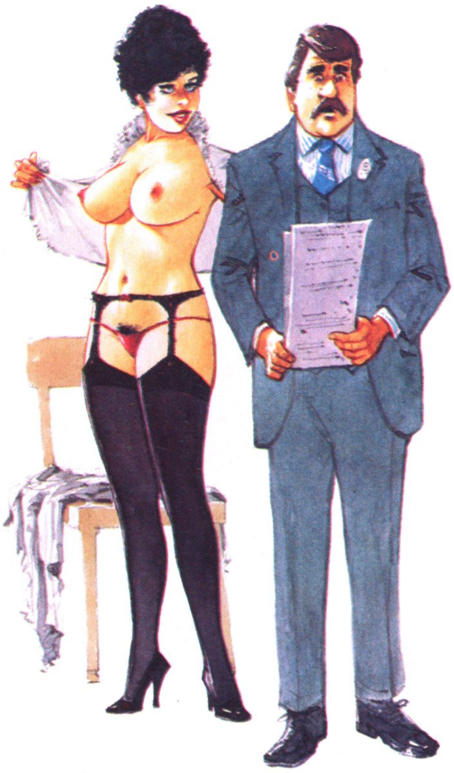
'No, no, Miss Forester, an unlimited SCRIP issue on the floor.'

FAIR SHARES IN A BARISH MARKET

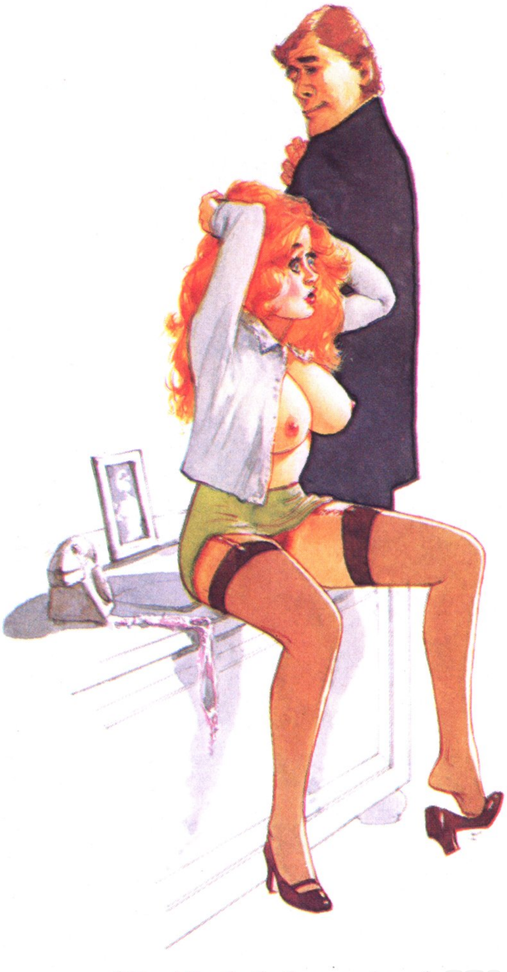
The Stock Exchange is now open to women
but, says cartoonist Brian Forbes, hopefully they
will still be found going for brokers



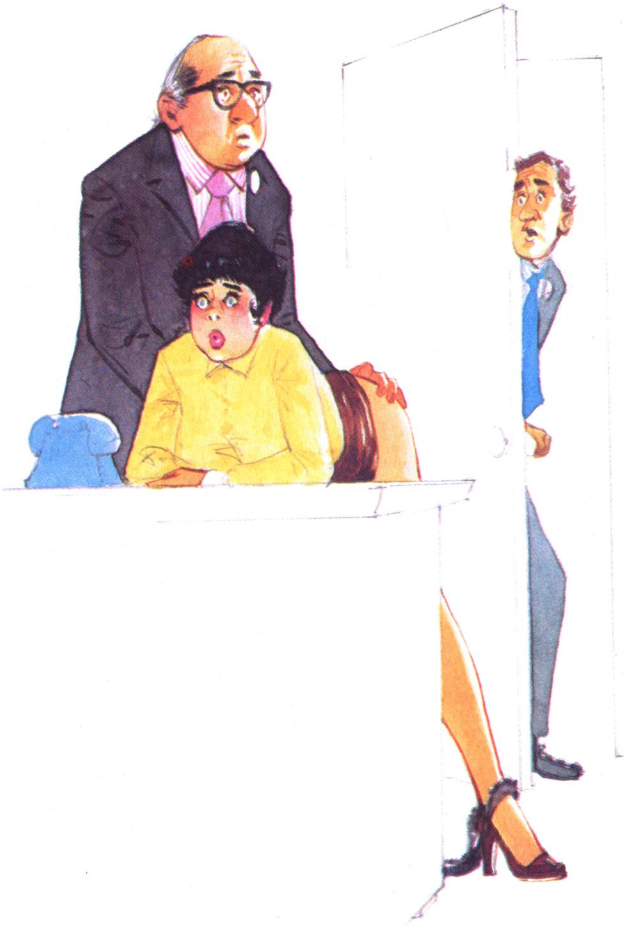
'Rising market, Miss Johnson, up two points again, I see.'



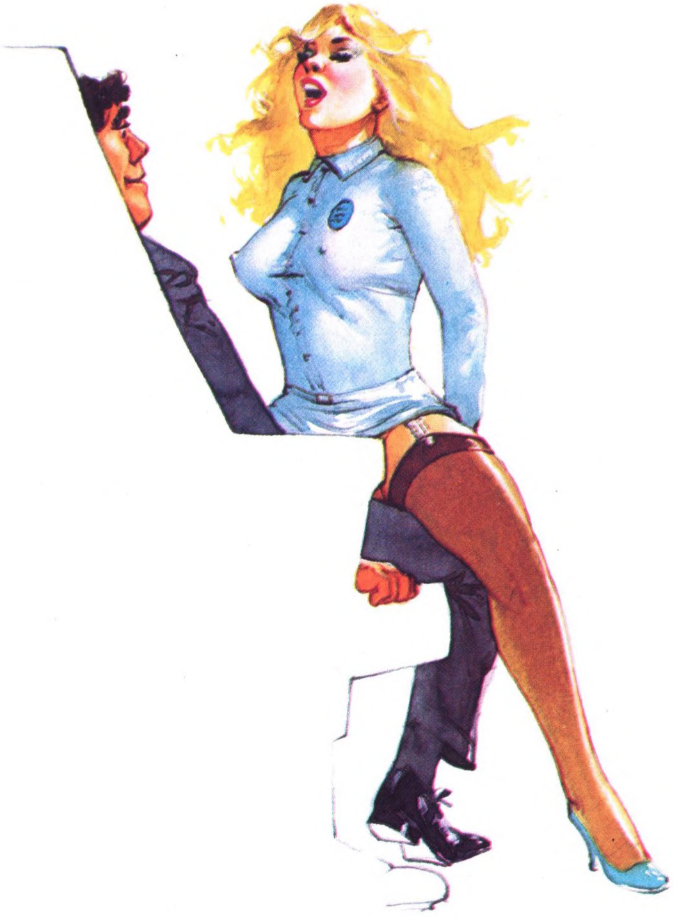
'I can't see any two-for-one offer from Exotic Underwear in the listings, Miss Dobson . . .'



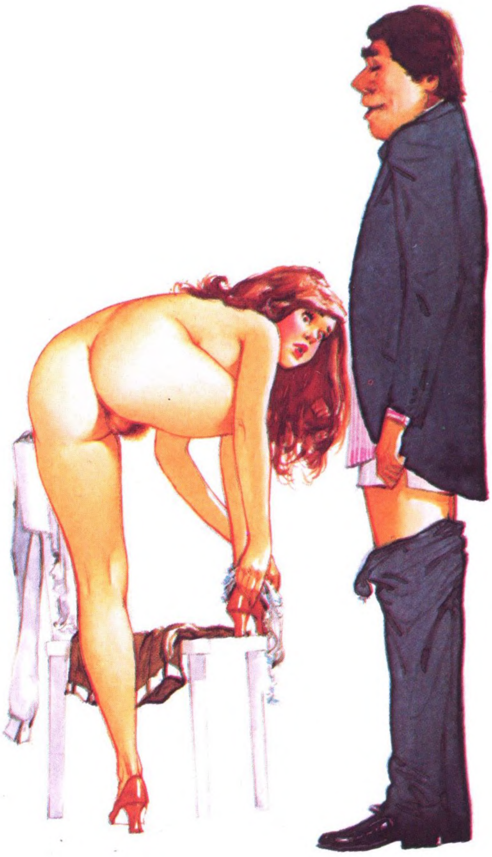
'Wow! So that's the meaning of asset stripping and an interim dividend.'



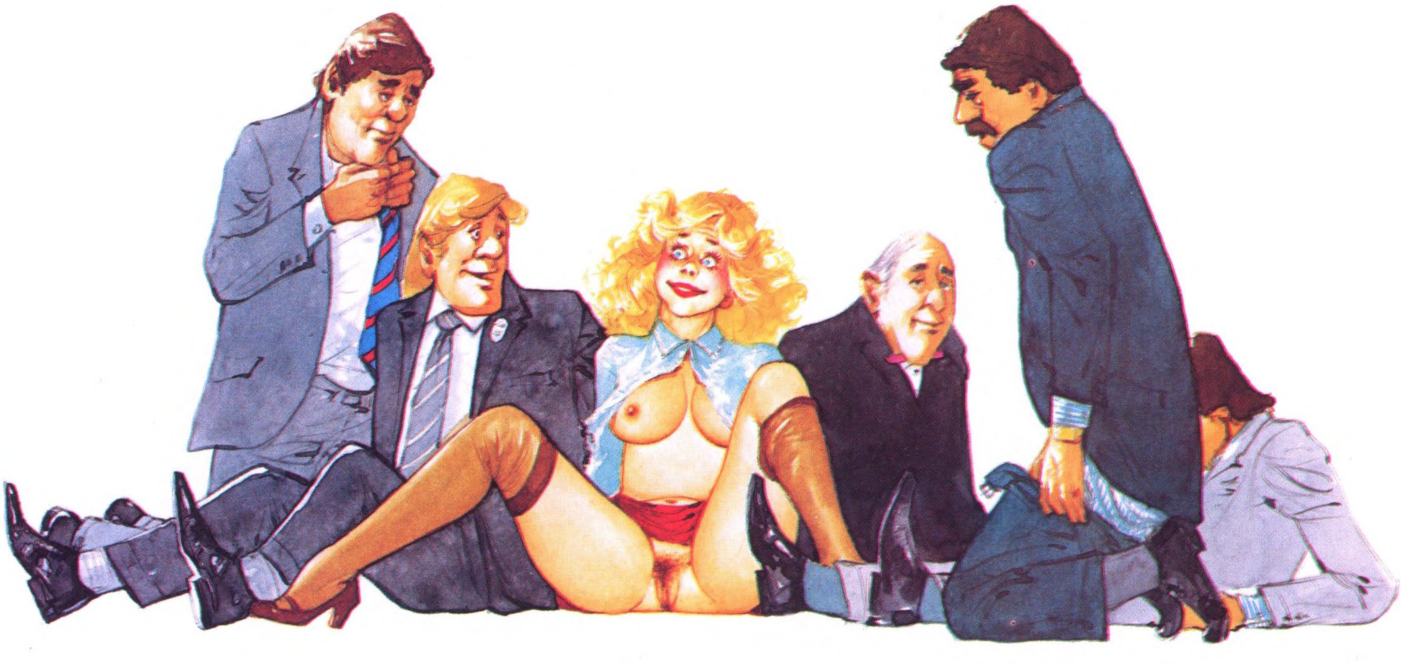
'Sir James, the bottom's dropped out of Consolidated Nylon . . .'



'Your estimate of a 20 per cent growth prospect was – oh! – somewhat cautious, Mr Bartlett.'



'How else do you think one becomes a member dealer?'



'It's not often one goes public, and is oversubscribed five times, Miss Nolan.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

Confiding intimate sexual details to a third party can often lead to the betrayal of one partner. This month Quest talks to three women – two of them victims – involved in such 'Judas' confessions

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

HEALTH VISITOR, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Bognor Regis

This interviewee trained as a nurse and midwife after leaving school, and has just qualified as a health visitor. She shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: How important is fantasy to your sex life?

Health Visitor: Quite important – well very important, I suppose. Everybody fantasises, don't they? It's a sort of outlet. It's quite harmless then.

Quest: Are you suggesting it might not be harmless in some circumstances?

Health Visitor: I think some fantasies are best kept to yourself – especially if you're a woman.

Quest: Why especially? Because a man might take advantage?

Health Visitor: Yes!

Quest: You're thinking of the Frank and Nigel episode?

Health Visitor: That's the best example – or the worst.

Quest: Have you always fantasised about making love with two men at once?

Health Visitor: Mmm. Yes.

Quest: You don't have to be shy. I promise not to take advantage.

Health Visitor: No, I'm being silly. I do fantasise about being in bed with more than one man. It's never terribly detailed – it's just the idea of lots of hands touching me everywhere, doing lovely things to me, all at once. Just being greedy, I suppose! Most of the time I'm just lying there, being *done* by all these adoring men! But sometimes, if I'm feeling especially fruity, I start ordering them about, telling them exactly what to do to me. No one's allowed to object!

Quest: And you told Frank all this?

Health Visitor: I did after we'd moved in together.

Quest: Tell me about Frank.

Health Visitor: Frank was a civil servant. He worked in administration at my first teaching hospital. He was about twenty five when he first asked me out. We were together for nearly five years.

Quest: Happily?

Health Visitor: Oh very, for the first four

years. It all started to go sour when we moved in together. I said at the time it was Frank's fault because he didn't want to settle down and I did. But I didn't either, really. If I had, the thing with Nigel would never have happened. Frank and I had just outgrown each other.

Quest: Sexually?

Health Visitor: Yes, really. He was the first man I went to bed with, and that was lovely, but after a while I did find myself getting curious about other men. That was when I told him about my fantasies. But I didn't expect him to blurt them out to Nigel.

Quest: Who was he?

Health Visitor: A very good friend of Frank's, his best friend, I suppose.

Quest: How did you get on with him?

Health Visitor: I fancied him like crazy! He reminded me of an actor called Tim Curry – I think that's the name. Not so much to look at, though he was very attractive. But in his manner – very aware of the effect he had on women, but making a joke of it at the same time. A teeny bit wicked. Frank could be wicked but really he was quite conventional underneath. Not as conventional as I thought, though!

Quest: Why do you say that?

Health Visitor: After I'd made this great confession about quite fancying two men at once the obvious question was: which other man? So I said Nigel. Frank already knew I fancied him. After that, it became a kind of running gag – that we'd all just tumble into bed one night.

Quest: A gag between all three of you?

Health Visitor: Oh no! Just Frank and I. It was, about the only thing we were joking about then. God, I'd have died if I'd realised Nigel knew.

Quest: Were you afraid he'd make a pass at you?

Health Visitor: I was more afraid I'd take him up on it! I am actually a faithful person generally.

Quest: How did you come to be otherwise?

Health Visitor: All three of us went out one night to celebrate Nigel's birthday – his twenty eighth, I think. We were supposed to be a foursome but Nigel had argued with his latest girlfriend – he always seemed to have dozens on the go. Not that it seemed to bother him – things like that never did. We had a slap-up meal, drank an awful lot and went on to a disco, and drank even more. I took turns dancing with both of them. Nigel got quite amorous in the slow numbers.

Quest: Can you be more specific?

Health Visitor: Basically he was feeling my bum, and trying very hard to look down my cleavage. All very obviously, and making a joke of it. But he had an erection. I could feel it against me. I didn't mind. It was quite nice, really. I was just worried everyone would see when the lights came up.

Quest: Was Frank aware of all this?

Health Visitor: I didn't tell him about the erection. But it was obvious Nigel was overstepping the mark a bit. Frank wasn't complaining. In fact we were having a private joke that tonight would be the night, giggling away, and not explaining why to Nigel. Then we went back to our studio flat, and had some more drinks, and all collapsed in a heap on our big sofa bed. That's when Frank announced his birthday present for Nigel.

Quest: Which was?

Health Visitor: Me, basically!

Quest: Frank wanted you to have sex with Nigel?

Health Visitor: No! It was only supposed to be a kiss and a cuddle. At least that's what I thought. You've got to remember we were drunk and being very silly.

Quest: So you didn't take it seriously?

Health Visitor: Oh yes, I did! Things were quite charged sexually. I thought Frank was being fairly daring talking like that – I was even a bit worried. Then he grabbed hold of me and said, 'Of course, Nigel will have to wait his turn.' And we had this romp on the sofa next to him.

> 'It's your dream, isn't it? All three of us in a bed.' That's when I realised Frank had told him everything

Quest: What do you mean by 'romp'?

Health Visitor: Kissing and cuddling – he held my breasts, and tried to put his hands under my sweater. We were laughing, and I was pretending to fend him off. But I was quite hot and bothered when we stopped.

Quest: Why?

Health Visitor: Because Frank was only pretending to pretend, if you see what I mean. I knew him well enough to know when he really wanted sex, and I felt myself responding to that. Also he had quite a lump in his trousers. Two erections in one night isn't bad for any girl! And I was very aware of Nigel being there.

Quest: You were embarrassed?

Health Visitor: Quite excited too! That was another reason for stopping.

Quest: Because he might see you getting aroused?

Health Visitor: Or even doing it – I don't know. I thought Frank was deliberately teasing me because he'd know what was in my mind. But then Nigel gave me this big grin and said, 'My turn now!' and he grabbed me. I started to shriek, expecting another romp, I suppose. But as soon as he'd got me in his arms everything suddenly changed: he was very slow, almost leisurely. He gave me this very long, tender kiss – the first serious kiss he'd ever given me – and it just left my head ringing.

Quest: You responded to him?

Health Visitor: God, did I respond! I felt absolutely awful because obviously Frank was right there beside us. Then I looked round, and he'd passed out! He was a great, inert lump. And that's when Nigel started on me again.

Quest: In what way?

Health Visitor: He began stroking my nipples through my blouse. I was wearing one of those boobytrap things which is no protection at all. The feeling was absolutely heavenly, and I can't tell you how much I wanted him to go on doing it. But with Frank lying right against my back I was in an agony of indecision, especially when Nigel began unbuttoning my blouse, and trying to lift up my bra. Looking back, it was really quite funny. On the one hand I was trying to fend off Nigel – very badly! On the other I was trying to nudge Frank, and wake him up to rescue me – and I didn't really want either to succeed!

Quest: How was it resolved?

Health Visitor: Nigel slipped his hand under my skirt, and managed to get his fingers onto my knickers – I can't have been wearing tights that day. I tried to cross my legs over him but that only pushed his fingers under the edge of my knickers. And one of them touched right against my little button, my clit. And that was it. I just fell apart. One minute I was nudging Frank in the back, and trying to wake him, the next I was hissing at Nigel: 'Oh for God's sake be quick! Put it in! Put it in!' I must admit he didn't need telling twice! He must have had his trousers and pants on press studs the speed he got them off. Then he was on top of me and in me. I was wrapping my legs round his bare bum, and holding my breath to stifle the noises I was making as he humped me and humped me so gorgeously. I swear we both exploded together. Then, of course, as soon as it was over, and I was lying there with Nigel on top of me I realised what I'd done. I just leapt up, and rushed off to the bathroom. Even then Nigel came after me, and wanted another go because Frank was still out cold!

Quest: Did you?

Health Visitor: No! I could tell myself I was drunk and was caught off guard once, but not twice. Anyway we'd almost certainly have been found out a second time! What still astonished me, though, was how Nigel had pushed his luck so far. I couldn't get over the fact that he must have wanted me so much he'd take such an incredible risk. But when I said that he grinned and said, 'Don't be silly. It's your big dream, isn't it? All three of us in a bed.' That's when I realised Frank had told him everything.

Quest: How did you react?

Health Visitor: I nearly killed him! He'd deliberately used what a friend had told him in confidence to get a quick screw out of his friend's girl. I thought that was appalling.

Quest: So you were never tempted to repeat the experience?

Health Visitor: You're joking! After I'd thrown Nigel out I went and had a thorough

soak in the bath. Then I went and lay down next to Frank, all clean and pink and powdered without a stitch on, and I unzipped him, and I took out his thing, and sucked it until it got big, and then he woke up and we had the nicest, humpiest screwing session we'd had in months. So Nigel did some good after all.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

TEACHER, 26 years old, blonde, town of origin Maesteg

This interviewee went to teacher training college, and now teaches in a primary school. Single, she shares a flat with another girl.

Quest: Do you believe all's fair in love and war?

Teacher: It depends what you mean by 'love'. If two people genuinely love each other, and they're married to the wrong partners, for example, then I tend to think they should get together. But if they just fancy each other madly, I'd say not.

Quest: That sounds very moral.

Teacher: Oh I'm the last person you should talk to about morality! No, that one's down to bitter experience.

Quest: Now that sounds dire.

Teacher: I think it was. What would you call it when a trusted friend abuses that trust simply to get off with your husband?

Quest: I might say everyone's entitled to the odd lapse.

Teacher: Oh this wasn't a lapse. It was all carefully premeditated. I played with fire, and when I saw the chance I poured petrol on the flames.

Quest: You seem determined to blame yourself. What actually happened?

Teacher: It was all to do with a girl called Gwyneth I was at college with. The first teaching post I had was in London where I didn't know anyone. Then I found out Gwyneth had moved there, and she'd got married, and was doing supply teaching, so I got in touch. We'd been part of the same group at college, though we hadn't been special friends. But being lonely Welsh girls – among all these foreigners! – brought us together. Not that Gwyneth was really so lonely because she had Gareth.

Quest: Her husband?

Teacher: Yes. Gwyneth and Gareth – it sounds such a Welsh mouthful but he was from London.

Quest: What was your reaction to him?

Teacher: I was intrigued, to be honest. I ought to explain about Gwyneth. She was a very nice girl but one of the reasons I didn't try to know her better at college was that she was so incredibly outgoing, very extrovert – she tended to take over social gatherings, and that put off some people, especially men. She tended to end up with the quiet, slightly wimpish types who'd let her get on with it. She wasn't unattractive – the sort of jolly, buxom type – but she never got very far with the sort of obvious macho types I have a dreadful habit of falling for.

Quest: And Gareth was an exception?

Teacher: He was an exception in that he was physically quite attractive – the best I'd seen Gwyneth with! But it was as if nobody had ever told him. He was obviously fairly quiet, quite shy, I think. That's what intrigued me – and, as I got to know them better the fact that their marriage seemed to work so well.

Quest: You sound envious.

Teacher: I *was*. To be frank I've never had much trouble attracting men – keeping them is the trick I haven't mastered! So that became a kind of added incentive to see them, as if their luck might rub off. I never deliberately set out to 'get' Gareth.

Quest: But there was a sexual interest?

Teacher: Oh yes, I was curious. I couldn't really tell his feelings, which intrigued me even more because it's usually the first thing I notice. Until the sauna incident, of course.

Quest: What happened there?

Teacher: They'd bought this rundown terrace which had obviously been owned by some kind of DIY nut because it had practically nothing useful installed, but it did have a sauna. It was tucked away in the scullery, and they just about got it working and used it. In fact Gwyneth and I had a go in it one Saturday when Gareth was out. And that's where she told me about his rude dream.

> ‘She trusted us completely, but it hadn't occurred to her Gareth and I would be nude, and close to each other’

Quest: What 'rude dream' was this?

Teacher: Apparently he'd told her the rudest daydream he could think of was to be stripped and attended to in a sauna by a crowd of nubile slavegirls. I must admit it added to Gareth's interest. Then Gwyneth let off this bombshell. Their second anniversary was due, and Gwyneth wanted to arrange that sort of thing for Gareth – like a sort of private kissogram – and she wanted me to help. We'd leap out the sauna in just our towels, tear all his clothes off, and drag him back in.

Quest: What did you think of that?

Teacher: I was flabbergasted. In a way it was typical Gwyneth – completely over the top. But what was blindingly obvious was it simply hadn't occurred to her that Gareth and I would be naked together in very close proximity, and one or both of us might respond to that. She obviously trusted us both completely. If I'd really been a good friend I'd have talked her out of it – or talked her out of involving me.

Quest: But you didn't?

Teacher: I told myself I was taking it all too seriously. I also told myself that if anything did happen it was Gwyneth's fault for being so naive.

Quest: But you hoped something sexual would happen?

Teacher: Yes.

Quest: So what happened?

Teacher: I went round to the house late in the afternoon, two or three hours before Gareth got home, and Gwyneth and I got the sauna going. And we drank quite a lot of gin to bolster our courage. Gwyneth was quite nervous, and half of me was wishing she'd call it off. But then we decided to get in the sauna anyway and had this daft conversation about me keeping my underwear on under my towel for decency's sake, and Gwyneth telling me I was mad, I'd ruin it. Then all of a sudden we heard the front door slam, and Gareth was there.

Quest: Did you pounce?

Teacher: Actually it was more of a lurch! God knows what he thought of two naked, giggling, towel-clad, *very* drunken ladies tumbling out of the sauna – his face was a picture! Then it became hysterical.

Quest: You stripped him?

Teacher: Oh yes – we wrestled him to the kitchen floor – literally! He was laughing, too, by the time he'd worked out what was going on, and we'd never have managed if he hadn't gone along with us. But I let Gwyneth peel his Y-fronts down.

Quest: How did you manage with your towels?

Teacher: Gwyneth ended up naked – just as well the kitchen had good curtains! I was a bit more careful but I couldn't stop the odd boob popping out. Then we pushed and prodded Gareth into the sauna.

Quest: And did all this naked flesh have any effect?

Teacher: It had an effect on me. Gareth had a very nice body – all over. Then just as we got him to the sauna door Gwyneth suddenly shrieked, 'What do you call that?' and pointed between Gareth's legs. His penis was starting to grow. My stomach just sank. And Gwyneth teased the poor man unmercifully. 'Stop that at once!' she was saying. 'Janet (name changed) doesn't want to look at that. Control yourself, Gareth!'

Quest: Did it make any difference?

Teacher: Yes, it made it worse. At least Gareth was laughing as much as we were, and trying to cover himself. I was nearly hysterical. I just didn't know where to look but all I could see was this great *thing* growing and growing in front of me. Inside the sauna there was only the one bench seat with room for Gareth to squeeze between us. Gwyneth snatched off my towel to cover his lap, but he still had this great pole sticking up. I was just glad I had to sit with my legs closed because I was convinced everyone would see I was turned on.

Quest: You were?

Teacher: My heart was pounding. And then

Gwyneth said the one unspoken thing – something which made me think she perhaps wasn't quite as naive as I'd thought. She said: 'Of course, the real question, Gareth, is which of us put you in that state?'

Quest: What was his answer?

Teacher: I don't know. I couldn't take any more! I said it was time they celebrated their anniversary together, and I went out to get dressed. Gwyneth followed me, and thanked me, and hoped I hadn't been offended – that sort of thing wasn't supposed to happen in a hot sauna. We had a laugh about it and that was that.

Quest: Was it?

Teacher: No. I couldn't get the sight of Gareth's great wobbling *thing* out of my mind. If I'd been seeing someone nice I'd probably have got over it, but then I'd never have gone along in the first place. So in the end I went round one Sunday afternoon when I knew Gwyneth was away seeing her parents in Cardiff.

Quest: Expecting to be seduced?

Teacher: I didn't know what to expect, but in my book a man doesn't get an erection in front of a strange woman when his wife's there unless the stranger is doing something to him. I had to find out in any case.

> ‘After we'd had sex we were both a bit shame-faced. He said he loved Gwyn, but he didn't have to make apologies . . .’

Quest: And did you?

Teacher: He invited me in for a cup of tea, and we had a long chat in the kitchen, and a laugh about what happened. He joked about trying another sauna to prove he didn't always act like an over-excited teenager. I told him I wouldn't mind at all – I even thought he was going to suggest it there and then. He was standing behind me, doing something at the sink. And he didn't reply. I turned my head, and suddenly he put his hands on my shoulders. He said very quietly, 'You know it was you who got me like that in the sauna, don't you?' When I didn't say anything he moved his hands down onto my breasts, and even through my bra it must have been obvious my nipples had shot up like organ stops. I could hardly breathe. Then I managed to say, 'I thought you preferred big-boobed buxom ladies.' He said, 'I thought your body was sensational when I first saw it, and I still do.' I started to get up, and suddenly we were all over each other, kissing, caressing, everything.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Teacher: It all happened at once. We sort of started towards the upstairs, and then Gareth's hands got under my tee-shirt and began pulling it over my head, and lifting up my bra to fondle my breasts, and I unbuckled his belt and we were sinking onto the kitchen floor. I still had my skirt on when he slipped his penis into me. I was so wet I swear I came right then! But he was very good. Despite it all being so fast and frantic he kept up really long, deep strokes until he'd given me a lovely climax. And he wanted to go on. In the end I had to say, 'Oh please – you've held off so long – do it in me – just let go –' And he groaned and jerked and gave me this gorgeous little extra climax as he spurted inside me.

Quest: Was this repeated?

Teacher: Oh no. In fact almost as soon as it was over we were both a bit shame-faced. Gareth started to say, 'You know I really do love Gwyneth –' But I told him it wasn't necessary. I knew we'd both been selfish, me most of all. I'm sure Gwyneth wonders why I hardly go round at all now. But I think it's for the best – and he *was* gorgeous.

Quest: I think you're too hard on yourself. Thank you for talking.

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INTERVIEW - 3

BARMAID, 34 years old, redhead, town of origin Ashton-under-Lyme

This interviewee married at the age of 18, and was divorced five years later. Eight years ago she married her present husband, who works in the North Sea.

Quest: How would you describe a 'Judas' in terms of relationships?

Barmaid: A 'Judas' to me is the one good woman friend you think you can trust standing naked next to your husband who then turns out to have been screwing him regularly for the past year.

Quest: That smacks of personal experience.

Barmaid: Very personal experience. I came home one day, and found my first husband in bed with a girlfriend I'd have trusted with my life till then. They both tried to convince me it was just a one-off thing – something that could never happen again. They almost had me believing it until a neighbour asked me if I could give her the name of the young lady who came baby-sitting twice a week while I was working part time at a local pub. It didn't take long to work out who the 'baby-sitter' was and which particular 'baby' she was tucking up regularly. I seem to have more than my share of inquisitive neighbours.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Barmaid: Something that happened a year or so back. I suppose I was a sort of Judas then, only I wasn't upsetting a friend, and the silly woman deserved all she got.

Quest: What silly woman was this?

Barmaid: She lives a couple of streets away, but because of the way the streets go her back overlooks mine – or rather the upstairs back window overlooks me: there's a wall lower down. That was the crux of the problem. It still makes me laugh when I think about it. I meet so many odd people in my job I sometimes think I'll never be surprised again, but she took the biscuit.

Quest: Why?

Barmaid: When we first moved here we had a lot of work to do on this house. My Des didn't have time to do it because he'd just got this job on the rigs, so I did what I could, and ended up living virtually in two rooms – the kitchen and the back bedroom. Because I was working mainly in the evenings I tended to be getting up and getting dressed throughout the day. We didn't have much cash then, and I didn't really bother with nets at the window because I wasn't really overlooked by anyone, except this house a couple of streets away. You'd have needed binoculars to see anything at that distance, and who spends much time in a back bedroom in the daytime anyway?

Quest: Presumably someone did?

Barmaid: The first I knew about anything was when this total stranger, a woman I've never seen in my life before, marches up to me in the street, very agitated, and says are you the woman from number so-and-so? I said I was. Then she wants to know if I'm married. I say I am but my husband's working away. Then it all comes out. Am I aware that I can be seen undressing, and even walking about in an unclothed state through my bedroom window, because I don't have the decency to put up proper curtains? Do I realise that when I do that I'm in, a direct line with her teenage son's bedroom window and that only the other day she'd walked in and found him staring at me through binoculars, and pulling his pudding?

Quest: How did you reply?

Barmaid: My mouth just fell open. What sort of mother tells *that* to a complete stranger? I remember thinking, 'The poor little sod – no wonder he spends his time playing with himself.' But that wasn't all. Not by a long chalk. She not only insisted I put up adequate nets immediately, but she wanted me to go round to her lad, tell him I was a married woman, and if he didn't stop acting like a dirty little bugger he'd have my husband to contend with.

Quest: Did you agree?

Barmaid: She didn't give me a chance. She just told me her address, said she'd expect a visit presently, and stormed off. To be honest I really thought she was the local nutter, and if she wasn't I was hardly going to go round, and tell her little boy to stop wanking.

Quest: You didn't find it objectionable?

Barmaid: I spend my working life being ogled. I got my first bar job because I had big tits, and I was prepared to wear a lower cleavage than the other girl. I said good luck to him. I thought it was quite funny. Or at least I did until I set eyes on him.

> 'I had expected a spotty youngster, but he was six feet tall, had the body of an athlete, and looked 20'

Quest: Why was that?

Barmaid: I'd expected some spotty little twelve-year-old. He turned out to be nearly six feet tall, with a body like an athlete's, blue eyes, fair hair – he could have passed for early twenties. Only the fact that he blushed to his roots when he talked to me showed how young he really was.

Quest: When did he talk to you?

Barmaid: He turned up on my doorstep just as I was leaving for work late one afternoon. He said, 'I'm the fellow from across the way, and I'm supposed to sort something out with you because if I don't my mum'll make life even more horrible than she already does.' I burst out laughing because I could just imagine it. Then I told him to come back on my night off.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Barmaid: Well I don't make a habit of cradle-snatching but he had the kind of looks you grab early because every other woman in town is going to be there in a minute, and you won't get a look in.

Quest: How faithful are you?

Barmaid: Completely when my Des is home. But I don't ask what he does on his short weekend breaks in Aberdeen, and I don't expect him to check up on me. He knew the score when he took the job.

Quest: So you planned to seduce the boy?

Barmaid: Well if he could get a hard-on

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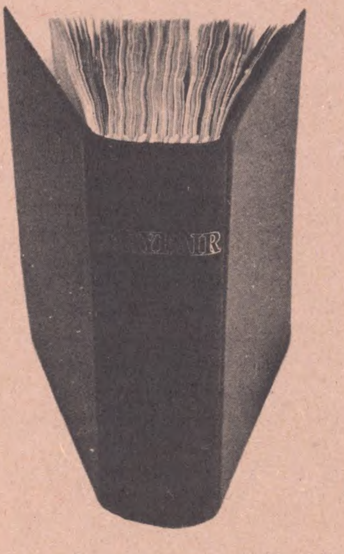

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from staring at me at that distance it was silly not to find out how he'd act close-up.

Quest: Go on.

Barmaid: He turned up, which was my first little victory. Just the same mixture of blushes and bravado as before. He obviously wasn't at all sure if he'd done the right thing, but I could see he noticed my passion-rouser which I'd put on especially.

Quest: What's the 'passion-rouser'?

Barmaid: The dress I keep for when Des comes home. It'a a black chiffon with a very low neckline and a slash up the thigh, with stockings and a suspender belt underneath. When you've been behind a bar as long as I have you know what men like!

Quest: Go on.

Barmaid: I apologised for the mess the house was in and said we'd have to go upstairs where I was living for the moment. So we went straight up to my bedroom. There was only the bed and one chair – he went straight for that. I told him I used the room as a bedroom as well as a lounge, then I said, 'But of course you know that, don't you?' and he went absolutely blood red. I started to feel sorry for him again so I gave him a beer, and sat down on the bed, and we just chatted generally about what he was doing – he was some kind of student apparently. I noticed he kept a close watch on my legs so I gave him the benefit of some knee crossing. After about an hour he'd unwound quite a bit but it was obvious he wasn't about to leap on me so I decided to take the bull by the horn.

> 'When I unclipped my bra I thought his eyes would pop. 'Not bad are they?' I said. He nodded like a toy . . .'

Quest: How?

Barmaid: Very simply. I just said, 'Well, Matthew, what about all this spying you've been doing on me, then?' Back came the blushes and a bit of a stutter this time. 'Oh I'm not upset,' I told him. 'I'm quite flattered actually. Did you really find me that attractive or was it just a free show?' 'Oh no,' he says. 'I think you're lovely. I mean, really attractive.' 'Well I'm disappointed then you didn't come and say hello sooner,' I say. That stopped him dead! 'You won't get anywhere with women if you don't ask.' Then I got up and pulled the curtains shut. 'I generally have an early night my evening off,' I said, and he grunted and started to get up. 'But you can stay for five minutes, if you like, just while I get undressed.'

Quest: How did he react to that?

Barmaid: I think 'stunned' would be an accurate description! He just gaped at me. So I gave him a smile, and turned the bedside lamp on and the main light off. Then I reached up behind, and unzipped my dress. 'Be nice to compare the close-up with the distant view,' I said. There was a distinct bulge in his jeans before I'd even got my shoulders clear of the dress. I'd forgotten what hair triggers young men had!

Quest: How far did you strip?

Barmaid: To my undies first – stockings, suspender belt, knickers, bra. As slowly but as casually as I could. I loved it. I've always been a shocking exhibitionist, if you haven't already guessed! When I unclipped my bra and took it off I thought his eyes'd pop out. 'Not too bad, are they?' I said, and I turned to give him a profile. The poor fellow just nodded like a mechanical toy! Then I turned my back to him and bent over to take my knickers down, and when I got up again I swear his flies looked as if they were about to explode. I saw his eyes drop straight between my legs. 'You know,' I said to him, 'if you want to do what you normally do – you know, play with yourself – it's not going to upset me.'

Quest: What effect did that have?

Barmaid: By the look on his face I thought I'd overdone it, and he'd do the lot in his Y-fronts! But he just went even redder – he sat there like a statue. So I said, 'You don't have to be shy with me, you know, love. It won't be the first erection I've seen. Here, shall I give you a hand?' And I knelt down in front of him and put my hand on the top of his zip. He nearly leapt out the chair! I could feel him trembling. He was like a coiled spring – and so was his cock. I could hardly get the zip started. Then this thick red thing like a miniature cannon sprang out through his pants' fly like a Jack-in-the-box. It certainly made me jump! I lifted my hand and very gently ran my fingers along the bottom of his shaft, and I felt my heart turn over. He was so hard and warm and throbbing. I looked up at him, and his eyes were half shut. 'It's beautiful,' I told him, and then his hands came up and just lifted my bare breast, and moved across my nipple, and I could quite happily have expired at that point. 'That's it, love,' I whispered. 'You touch them, feel them – ' And that did it. He just lunged. He literally fell on top of me, sort of sprawling between my legs on the carpet. I was desperately trying to catch hold of his cock – in his state it might have ended up anywhere! 'That's it, love, that's it,' I was gasping. 'Slip it in nice and slow – nice and – ' And it was tearing straight into me, hard and deep, right up to the balls, and he went off like a fire cracker or a firehose! I hadn't had that much up me in years.

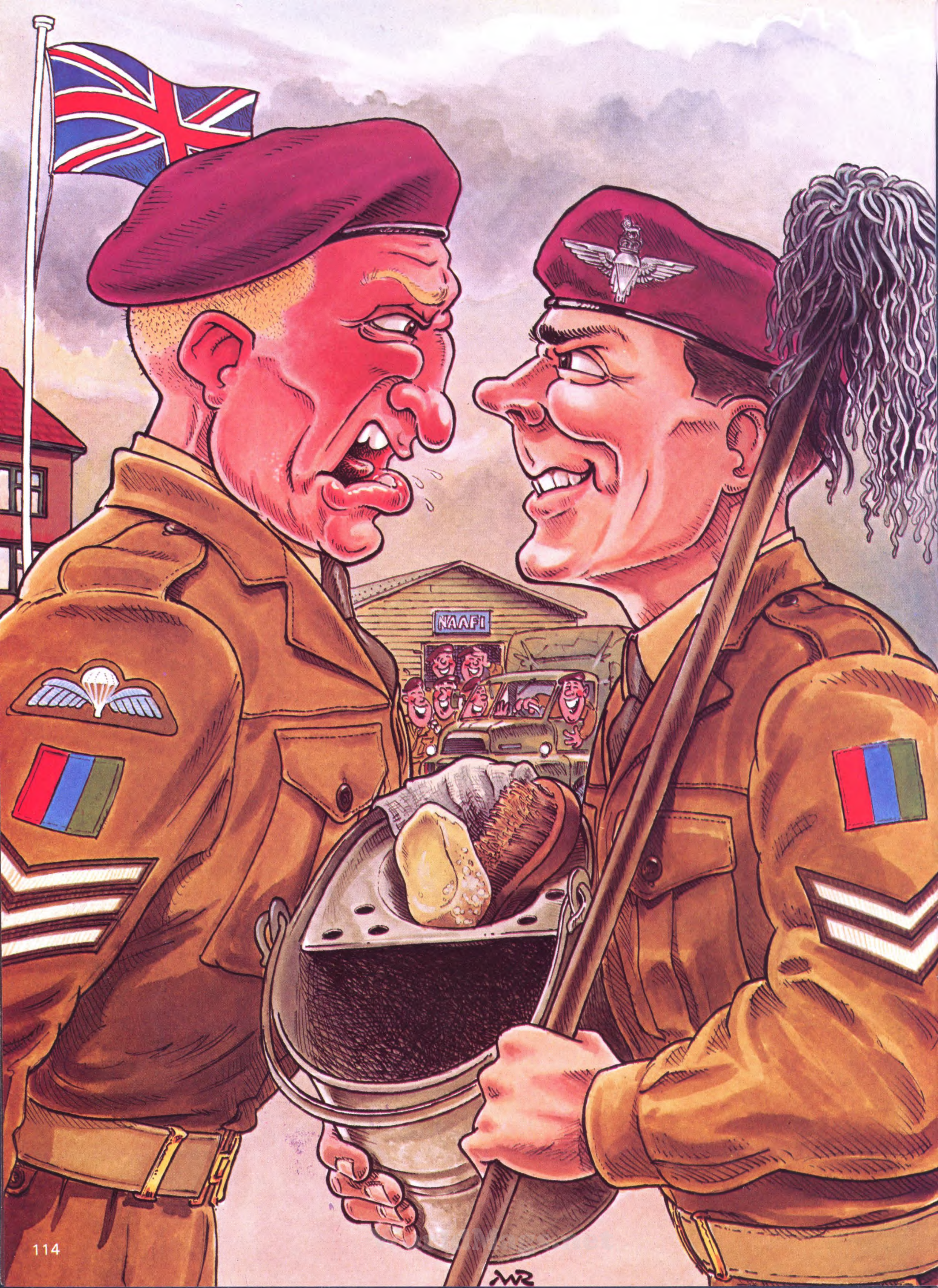
Quest: Did you climax?

Barmaid: Not what I call a deep climax, no. But I didn't expect it. I thought I was lucky to get him in! Afterwards, though, when we'd got into bed we took it a bit more leisurely, and he was lovely – very energetic. He didn't leave until well after midnight, and I went around bow-legged for about a week afterwards.

Quest: Did the relationship last?

Barmaid: Until Des came home. I had to be very clear on that. He's engaged now to some lucky little girl, which is what I'd expected. But the funniest thing was a couple of days after I'd had him his mother came up to me in the street, and said, 'I'm glad you gave our Matt a talking to. I think you've put a stop to all his nasty habits.' I still think she hasn't the faintest idea what was going on. But I can hardly say thank you to her!

Quest: Thank *you* very much.


NAAFI

Every battalion has one – the artful corporal that senior NCOs would like to bust. But if his kit is always in A1 order it takes a clever man to reduce him to the ranks. This time they thought they had him as he faced the Company Commander …

The day Corporal Mulroony hauled down the Provost Sergeant's colours...

Army nostalgia by Edward P Kelly

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE ROBERTS

We were in the same regiment, the Paras, and though I had often seen him about the battalion lines, the first time I actually spoke with Mulroony was at a company dance.

He was sitting at the bar with his arm about the waist of an attractive woman in her middle twenties. In a loud whisper which it was obvious he intended to be overheard, he said, 'I'm all right with this bird.' He winked slyly. 'A married one. Taking her home and sleeping with her.' He rubbed his hands together with exaggerated relish. 'Bit of bacon and egg in the morning, and I'm chuffed to little NAAFI breaks!' His face took on a mock crafty look, and throwing back his head he gave a laugh that would have done justice to D'Artagnan. I was to learn in time that this laugh was the trademark of his mad humour. Though I laughed with him, to tell the truth I was embarrassed, for I was a young soldier, and considered it ungallant to make such a remark about a woman in her presence.

She of course heard what he had said, as he intended she should, and blushed to the roots. 'Don't listen to that devil,' she said in a soft brogue. 'Sure we are married – and have two children. Married to each other I mean!' she added in haste. It turned out that they were too.

Soon after my first meeting with him he was transferred from a rifle company to HQ company, which I was in. He was medically down-graded because of an arm injury, and put on light duties.

His main job in HQ was corporal in charge of the NAAFI fatigue party. It was a job that suited him well for it was a skive to end all skives.

To see him parading his fatigue party of six men was a pantomime. He played the part of the insane RSM to perfection, strutting up and down the two ranks of three, a mop under his arm passing as a drill stick, and screaming in rage, 'Yew ploy fuckin' ball wiv me, an' I'll ploy fuckin ball wiv yew.' And in shrill, fairy-like tones, 'Anyone for tennis?' He made very sure, however, that nobody in authority over him ever saw this charade.

Away from the NAAFI building his behaviour took on a strange turn. He marched about the battalion lines in a parody of the perfect soldier bordering upon the ridiculous. He snapped up salutes and faultless 'eyes rights' and lefts. He sprang to attention to each and all ranking over him. It would be obvious to a blind man that he was taking the piss, but even so his behaviour couldn't be faulted.

I knew he had been busted from sergeant not long before. What I did not know then was that he had many enemies.

This was because he had violated the Holy of Holies, the Sergeants Mess. He had challenged the high opinion the Regimental Sergeant Major had of himself. Not for nothing was the RSM known as 'The Pope'.

Mulroony slid into his troubles with boozy ease. He informed The Pope that as regards modern intelligence and initiative, he had been born in the ice age. Not surprisingly he had bruised the tender feelings of that paragon. Even the brash and brazen Mulroony wouldn't normally have dared, but whisky can make fools of the best of men.

As a direct result of this, Mulroony was busted from sergeant.

A certain type of senior NCO, seeing a golden opportunity to enhance his standing, took common cause with The Pope. After Mulroony had lost his third stripe, they began to hound him, as the Army has it, from arse-hole to breakfast time.

Frightening power rests with the senior NCOs. They can charge you for a thousand things. A spot on your belt, a button undone, a loose shoelace – even for scuffing your boots.

And so the word was out to get Mulroony. To bust him down to private and so leave him open to every indignity.

But Mulroony was a dapper soldier, and always had a passable turnout. His boots were polished until they shone, but never to the point of excessive bullshine. His red beret sat just right upon his well shorn head with the badge always just one inch over the left eye. Though he gave the impression of never trying too hard with appearance, he couldn't actually be faulted.

Since he had lost his third stripe he had perfected the art of doing the safest possible minimum, and enjoyed, therefore, a status bordering upon hero worship with the rank and file. In short, he presented himself according to the requirements of Queens Rules and Regulations – and never more than that.

And so Mulroony marched about. He swung his arms shoulder- high like a keen recruit, with fists clenched, and thumbs pointing to the front. He rolled his shoulders with 'bags of swank', as the regimental esprit-de-corps demanded.

Mulroony was no fool, and was well aware that this was a situation that could not go on forever.

One day after a full scale parachute jump in which most of the battalion took part, he reported sick, claiming to have injured himself. This was quite believable since after such an exercise there is always a certain percentage of injuries: usually minor, sometimes major, and very occasionally, fatal. As a result of this Mulroony was medically down-graded, taken off parachuting duties, and transferred to HQ company. That was how he wound up as 'Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, Army and Air-Force Instead', the NAAFI, as he himself said.

In the NAAFI he was as secure as he could be in the circumstances. I asked him one day what actual injury caused him to be downgraded. He looked carefully around, stretched his left arm to full length over his head, and said, laughing, 'I can't do that with my left arm.'

He lowered his arm, and his face became serious. 'I've applied for a transfer old son, because my position in this battalion has become impossible.'

He shook his head. 'Since I opened my big mouth to that bollocks of an RSM, and told him what I thought of him I've become fair game for anyone who outranks me. The buggers are watching me every fuckin' minute. If I stayed in that rifle platoon they would get me in no time, and if they didn't they would make my life a shit house while they were trying. So I'll transfer – if I can, to another mob, and make a fresh start'.

The twinkle returned to his eyes. 'Strange as it might seem, I like the army life, and I'm in for 22 years anyway.'

He threw back his head, laughed his musketeer's laugh and, making a faultless right turn, threw out his chest, and swinging his arms shoulder high, marched away.

Before turning the corner into the NAAFI building he leaned back, Groucho Marx style, his face a picture of comic villainy, and shouted, 'I've got me BD eye on the bleedin', cock suckin' lot of 'em, I 'ave.'

But the enemy found what it so earnestly sought; a weakness in his defences.

For Mulroony was charged with a real granddaddy of an offence. When the news buzzed around the battalion lines, all were agreed that it was serious enough to have Mulroony reduced to the ranks – at the very least. And worse, perhaps a spell in detention as well.

The man whom fate had singled out to earn the gratitude of The Pope was none other than the Provost Sergeant, known to all as 'Nose'. But for an accident of birth, Nose would have been a great success in the Third Reich as spearhead of the SS – such was his attitude towards discipline. He was Germanic in his single-mindedness towards the army system, carrying out each minute requirement to the letter and with unwavering zeal and exactness. His turnout was nothing short of immaculate. His boots were a glittering dazzle, his battle-dress boxed and boned to razor sharp creases, and his blonde hair crew-cut so short almost to resemble a skinhead of a later period.

His seat of power was the Guard Room where he ruled supreme. Many a red-beret hero on jankers had reason to tremble as Nose, his voice seeming to issue from his nostrils and mouth at the same time, threateningly snorted, 'I'll sufwekin' *do* you, you gungy, heaving, manky little man.'

Nose required from all those beneath him the same unquestioning obedience which he showed to all those in authority over him. There is a standard Army tale of sergeants saluting officers on the telephone which few would really believe. But I myself have seen Nose, phone held in his left hand, bang in his boots to the position of attention, and bellow down the line as he snapped up a salute – 'Sir, I am saluting you.'

He even managed, in order to show as much respect as possible, to march *backwards* out of the Commanding Officer's office. This show of servility was usually coldly acknowledged by the Colonel, a tall and very pukka officer, by a slight contemptuous raising of one elegant eyebrow.

The system needed people like Nose, as the CO knew only too well. For if Provost Sergeants were normally a breed of prize bastards, Nose was the personification of the type, the ultimate army bastard.

He was called 'Nose' because of a short career as a professional boxer. A certain weakness in his guard, however, resulted in a countenance which looked as if it were permanently pressed against a window pane.

When nose placed a charge against you it invariably stuck. Nor was this all. Mulroony and Nose were bitter personal enemies. While Nose had been a professional light-heavyweight, Mulroony had been an amateur middle-weight of army championship standard, though he had not a mark on his face to show for it. While Mulroony was still a sergeant, the two re-fought their old contests in the mess, albeit orally, one always trying to deride the pugilistic ability of the other.

This culminated one evening when Nose, in an effort to win by a KO with the final word, said within the hearing of all, 'You Sewgeant Mulwoony,' (He had difficulty with his consonants and couldn't pronounce his 'r's'), 'are nothing but a hasbeen,' which brought laughter from the attentive listeners.

But Mulroony counter-punched with: 'If I am, what matter? Because you, as amply illustrated by your battered snout there, are a *never* bloody has-been.'

Nose, unable to reply, smacked down his glass on the bar counter and stomped out of the mess in a rage, followed by jeering laughter.

He never forgave Mulroony for the insult. When Mulroony was busted from sergeant it was one of the most joyful events in the career of the Provost Sergeant. Thereafter he never missed a chance to stop and check his turnout, snorting, 'You awe a walkin' shit' ouse Cawpwell Mulwoony. What awe you?'

The charge happened this way . . . The Regiment was rehearsing for the Trooping the Colours. This involved an enormous amount of square bashing and bulling up in preparation. Nose was included among the specially-picked sergeants for Escort to the Colours. On the day of the final full scale rehearsal, the whole battalion marched to the parade ground, following the Colours and the Colour Party. The line of march took them past the NAAFI. In the doorway of the NAAFI was Mulroony, watching the ranks march past. Since he was on 'light duties' he was excused parade, of course.

The parade went off without a hitch, the battalion working as one man to the shouted commands of the RSM.

When the weary soldiers were finally fallen out, Nose made straight for the NAAFI, roaring for Mulroony.

The unsuspecting object of his interest was having a crafty pull on a Woodie. On hearing the sonorous shouts from Nose, he nipped and pocketed the butt with practised ease, checked the four B's, beret, belt, buttons and boots, for any faults, and double quick-marched up to Nose who was just coming through the doorway. Mulroony cracked in his boots in a faultless one-two and stood rigidly to attention.

Nose paused dramatically while he regained his breath after his hectic dash, and slowly looked Mulroony up and down. He spoke slowly and carefully, and though in almost a mild tone, his voice was full with menace.

'Cawpwell Mulwoony. I'm placing you on a chawge fow failing to salute the Wegimental Colouws.'

That was all. Nose turned and departed for the sergeants mess to spread the glad tidings of joy, leaving Mulroony still at attention, ashen-faced, and for the first time in his life, speechless.

'I've got some bad news for you, Private Thompson.'

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For this was a charge out of the ordinary in its implications. Failure to salute the Colours could be taken as an insult to the honour of the regiment. It could be interpreted as a slur on the regimental pride.

It could even be taken as an insult to the Queen . . .

The affair was quickly to come to trial, and Mulroony was to appear on Company Commander's Orders. This was the minor seat of justice in the system of army law, and from it were dispensed most punishments of a petty nature. In the case of Mulroony however, it was considered to be a formal hearing only, for it was almost certain that the case would be remanded for Commanding Officer's Orders since only the Colonel of the battalion was empowered to strip a full corporal of his rank, and if necessary commit the offender to prison. It seemed certain that this would be the outcome of the affair.

Together with Nose, Mulroony was quick-marched in to face the Company Commander, Major Algy Perry, MC. In Perry rested the only glimer of hope for Mulroony, for he was a fair and decent man who had been decorated for bravery in the Second World War.

Nose, fully rehearsed, made the charge. 'Siw. At approximately 0945 hours on so and so date, while on duty as Escowt to the Colouws I mawched past the NAAFI building. On my immediate wight I saw the accused Cawpwell Mulwoony inside the doorway of the NAAFI. He was leaning against the wall with his arms folded and failed to come to attention and salute the Colouws. Siw!'

Nose paused to let this sink in, and continued. 'On completion of the pawade I appwoached Cawpwell Mulwoony, and wawned him that I was placing him on a chawge fow failing to salute the Colouws, contwawy to Section 69 of the Awmy Act. Siw.'

Major Perry leaned back, and stroked his nose slowly with his forefinger. 'Very serious business this, very serious. Anything to say for yourself Corporal?'

It was now or never for Mulroony. In a clear and loud voice, carefully pitched to portray himself as the innocent victim of lies and injustice, Mulroony barked out: 'Sir. I am proud to serve in this famous regiment, and would never be guilty of such an insult to it as to fail to salute its flag. I came to attention in the doorway of the NAAFI building, saluted as the Colours passed, and held that salute until the Colours rounded the corner of the parade ground. Sir.'

Major Perry: 'S'ont Boland?' (Nose of course had a real name). Nose. 'Siw. That – is – a – lie. I clearly saw Cawpwell Mulwoony leaning inside the doorway with his awms folded. Siw.'

Now that, normally, would have been that, and by the rough standards of Army justice the case would be considered proven beyond any reasonable doubt.

Almost as a matter of routine Major Perry asked. 'Anything more to say Corporal?'

Mulroony: 'Sir, yes indeed Sir. Whoever is

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The artful corporal

continued from page 116

lying here it is not me. I have an A2 pass in foot and arms drill,' – he had too, 'and I am fully aware of the obligations of a soldier to the flag of his regiment. Apart from anything else it would have been an automatic reflex for me to salute the Colours. I think I am right in saying that Sergeant Boland has not attended such a drill course.

'Further, Sir. When one is honoured by being made a member of the Colour Party the very highest standards of drill are required. When marching to attention Sergeant Boland should not have allowed his eyes to wander to left or right, but hold a steady gaze to the front . . .' He paused a split second, and with slow deliberation and heavy emphasis in each word, continued, '. . . *and – to – the – front – alone.*

'Sergeant Boland said that he saw me on his immediate right, that is at position three o'clock. "On my immediate right" he said, "*inside* the doorway". This he could not have done without actually moving his head, Sir. If he did move his head, or even his eyes, he is himself guilty of neglect of duty and gross insult to the flag, Sir.'

Major Perry: 'Hmmmm. Did you move your head, S'ont Boland?'

Nose: 'Siw. I did not, Siw,' but this delivered with far less conviction than before.

Now Major Perry could be as testy as the testiest of your classical British Army majors when driven to it, and tugging at his moustache, he very testily asked, 'Then how the devil could you have seen Corporal Mulroony? What?'

But Nose seemed to have been struck dumb.

There was a long moment of silence while the major stroked his chin, looking from one to the other of the NCO's.

Then he picked up his pen, and wrote upon the charge sheet. When he spoke his voice carried through the office like the report of a rifle. 'Admonished! March out Corporal, and you wait behind, sergeant, I want a few words with you.'

With a song in his heart our Red Devil marched out while Nose remained for what is known in Army jargon as 'a real bollocking'. Just as Mulroony was to be fallen out by the Company Sergeant-Major, 'Pop' Prentice, Nose came out of the Company Office, his face suffused with blood from anger and humiliation. For not only had he not made the charge stick, he had been bawled out by the OC – and would now be a laughing stock.

In the tones of furious anger, as practised by sergeant-majors, Pop bellowed, 'Corporal Mulroony! Tew yewr dutiesah, dissahmissah!' Mulroony came to attention alright, but he stood fast.

Pop raised his eyebrows. 'Wot is it Corporal?'

Looking straight to his front Mulroony barked out, 'Permission to speak with the Company Commander, Sir.'

Pop looked at Nose, Nose looked at Pop and both of them at Mulroony, their faces a mixture of comic confusion.

'Is it,' said Pop, 'pertaining to the matter with wot we have just attended tew?'

'It is Sir,' replied Mulroony coolly.

With a face as grave as an undertakers Pop sighed, 'I sussed as much. Well then, yew bettah get fell in as well, Sergeant Boland,' and disappeared into the Company Office. He reappeared in a moment, and once more marched Nose and Mulroony in to face the Company Commander.

'And what pray, might it be this time Corporal Mulroony,' asked the major, a look of tired resignation on his face.

'With respect, Sir,' said Mulroony *very* respectfully, '. . . you have just given me an Admonishment for the charge brought against me by Sergeant Boland.'

'Yes, and what the devil of it?' snapped the major, testy again. 'Well, Sir,' said Mulroony, 'an "Admonishment", though a minor punishment, is, nevertheless, a punishment,' and quietly he added, 'and I've done nothing wrong, Sir.'

The major leaned back in his chair, his expression now changed to one of mild amusement, looking at Mulroony with a twinkle in his eye.

The seconds ticked by.

'Tell me,' said Perry at last, 'do you consider it to be an excessive punishment Corporal?'

'It's not that at all, Sir,' said our seeker of wisdom and truth. 'It's a question of principle.'

The major pursed his lips, and nodded several times. ' "Principle". Ah yes, I see.'

The major picked up his pen, crossed out 'Admonished' on the charge sheet, and bellowed 'Case dismissed!' Then turning to Pop he said, 'And please see to it S'ont-Major, that my time is not wasted again by silly bloody charges brought by silly blasted sergeants.' Then tongue in cheek and smiling slightly he drawled, 'After all, we cannot have the feelings of our men of principle offended, can we? March them out!'

Mulroony, a thousand birds of a glorious springtime singing in his head, marched to the NAAFI.

As he came around the corner of the company block Nose was waiting for him, his face contorted with fury. Ever careful, Mulroony snapped straight to attention.

His voice shaking with anger, Nose rasped, 'Mulwoony, undewstand one thing. You bettaw watch youwself. I'm not finished with you yet, and I'm going to get you if it's the last bloody thing I do.'

Mulroony allowed the barest, swashbuckling, D'Artagnan-like smile to play fearlessly about his lips, and said with heavy irony, 'I hold the rank of full corporal, sergeant, and regulations require that you address me as such.' And then, 'No. I'm not sure that I do understand you. If what you have just said is a threat of victimisation, it is yourself that had better watch yourself. Because if you try it again I shall go straight to Major Perry, and lodge a complaint against you, which I will have every right to do, and then it will be your own beautiful three stripes at risk.'

But then Mulroony, suddenly, seemed to tire of the whole affair. He relaxed from his position of attention, and stepped so close to Nose that their faces almost touched. 'You malicious, vindictive bastard. You flat nosed, punch-drunk stumble bum. If I understand you intend to give me a hiding, then that, of course, is a horse of a different fuckin' colour.

'Nothing I can think of would give me more pleasure than to take you on and hammer the shit out of you. Just name the time and place.'

Nose stood with his mouth hanging open, a dazed expression on his face, silent. Mulroony turned and walked away a few paces before stopping and turning. He cradled his various brushes and mops in his arms like a baby. He let his head hang to one side, and with a look of utter contempt let his eyes move slowly up and down his defeated enemy.

Then he turned away again and before disappearing into the NAAFI, threw back his head and his mocking musketeer's laugh could be heard ringing.

As luck would have it for Mulroony, a few days after this, the battalion, on twelve hours notice and with great secrecy, transported itself to the Middle East to deal with yet another emergency. Mulroony was left behind with the small Rear Party. I didn't see him for over a year after that.

As an evacuated casualty I lay, in Woolwich Military Hospital recovering from wounds. Before he came in the door I knew it was him from the sound of his musketeer's laugh coming from the main corridor. A little heavier than I remembered him, he marched down the centre of the ward, swinging his arms shoulder high.

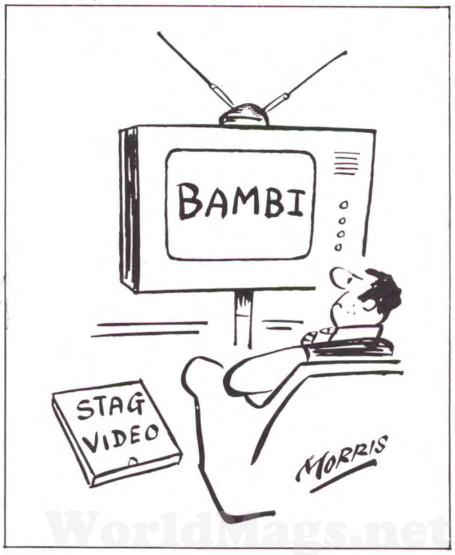
Instead of the red beret, he now wore a black one of one of the Service Corps. Under his arm was a highly polished drill stick, and on his arm the crown of a Warrant Officer Class II. He gripped my hand in greeting.

We talked, of course about the old days. He asked about all the characters.

He was now Drill Sergeant in a training unit, a position for which he was well qualified, and which carried the rank of Warrant Officer. He was happy enough.

He rose to go and, as we shook hands, I just had to ask him.

'Did you really salute the Colours that time, or were you taking the piss out of us all?' But he didn't answer, and throwing back his head let go with his mad musketeer's laugh. The last I saw of him was as he turned and waved before going out of the door of the ward, still laughing. D'Artagnan to the last. After all these years I can still hear it. And I still laugh . . .



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

After a month away shooting Lord Elpmey returned to his North country home to be greeted at the station by his chauffeur with the Rolls. Opening the back door the chauffeur tucked the car blanket around his lordship's legs. As he did so, the noble lord noticed that his hand was bandaged.

'I say, Rogers,' he asked, 'whatever happened to your hand.'

'It was Jason your labrador, my lord, he bit me.'

'My docile labrador bit you!' Elpmey exploded. 'Impossible!'

'Well, he was mad, my lord, on account of him being on the verge of death after Foxton, the horse, kicked him.'

'Foxton, my faithful hunter, kicked my dog to death. Why ever did he do that?'

'Well, sir,' the dry Yorkshire chauffeur continued. 'Happen, this burning beam fell on him when the barn went up in flames.'

'What!' screamed the young lord in exasperation. 'Are you saying that my barn has burnt down?'

'Aye, well it was bound to, being next to the house. When that went up . . .'

'My house! That's gone as well!' cried Elpmey in tears.

''Fraid so. You see your wife was toasting muffins when a spark caught her dress, and I'm afraid – '

'She's not –'

'Instantaneous, my lord.'

'Good God, Rogers, my wife, my home, my animals are all gone,' sobbed the lord. 'Whatever's left in life?'

'Well, my lord,' the chauffeur said almost managing a comforting smile on his expressionless face, 'what with all this 'eat around, your crocuses are three weeks early.'

What do you call three feminists doing the washing-up?
A start.

Following the success of CAMRA, the Campaign for Real Ale, a group of 'anti-oral-ists' are to set up a Campaign for Real Sex. It's called CAMSHAFT.

Two prim ladies met in a smart tea shop for the first time in months.

'Why, Elizabeth, I haven't seen you in ages, dear, wherever have you been?'

'We've been away, Felicity, to Africa actually, but we had a beastly time.'

'Really? How?'

'Well,' continued Elizabeth, 'we were on safari, don't you know, in the jungle, and George had gone off in search of lions. Then suddenly I heard a rustle in the foliage, and I was grabbed from behind by a six-foot male gorilla. The monster thing then pushed me onto the ground, and started to rip off my dress – you know that lovely pink one I got from *Liberty's*. The next thing I know he is on top of me, pulling down my you-knows, and doing – well I don't have to tell you.'

'My dear, that's terrible,' replied Felicity looking shocked. 'Tell me, are you hurt?'

'Indeed I am,' said Elizabeth. 'Since then, he hasn't written, he hasn't phoned . . .'

What do you get if you allow an elephant to walk across the lounge?
A thick pile on the carpet.

Fresh-faced young Henry was pleased with the progress he was making with his Sloane Ranger girlfriend, Emma.

'Emma, darling,' he whispered, 'isn't it time we . . . sort of . . . did it?'

'Good grief no, Henry,' she replied quite appalled. 'Not before marriage, don't you know. Might get preggers. I'll do you with my hand though, darling. I'll just put on my glove.'

Henry settled for that, and as she went to work, his head started bobbing up and down frantically.

'My goodness,' giggled Emma, 'you do get excited, Henry.'

'Not at all, old thing,' replied Henry breathlessly. 'You've got your bracelet caught up in my Old Harrovian tie.'

Have you heard of the five-legged girl?
Her knickers fit her like a glove.

After 40 years working down the sewers the day came for Walter to retire. Hearing of this, the local TV station decided to send a film crew out to show Walter at his work, and interview him about it. In a smart suit and thigh length boots, the reporter turned to him, told the cameras to roll, and asked,

'Tell me, Walter, has working down here taught you anything?'

'Yes, it has,' said Walter proudly. 'I can recognise people by their stools.'

'Really?' said the reporter incredulously. 'Can you give us a demonstration?'

'Certainly,' said Walter. 'Now that long thin one belongs to my boss. You see, he's a tight-arsed bastard. And the one behind it is Cyril the poof's – you can tell by the bevelled edges. Then the one after that is my wife's.'

'That's incredible,' said the reporter, 'how do you know?'

'Simple,' replied Walter casually, 'it's got my sandwiches tied to it.'

For a house-to-house salesman called Moore
Getting housewives' attention's no chore.
He's endowed with a dong
That is 12 inches long,
So he wedges his foot in the door.

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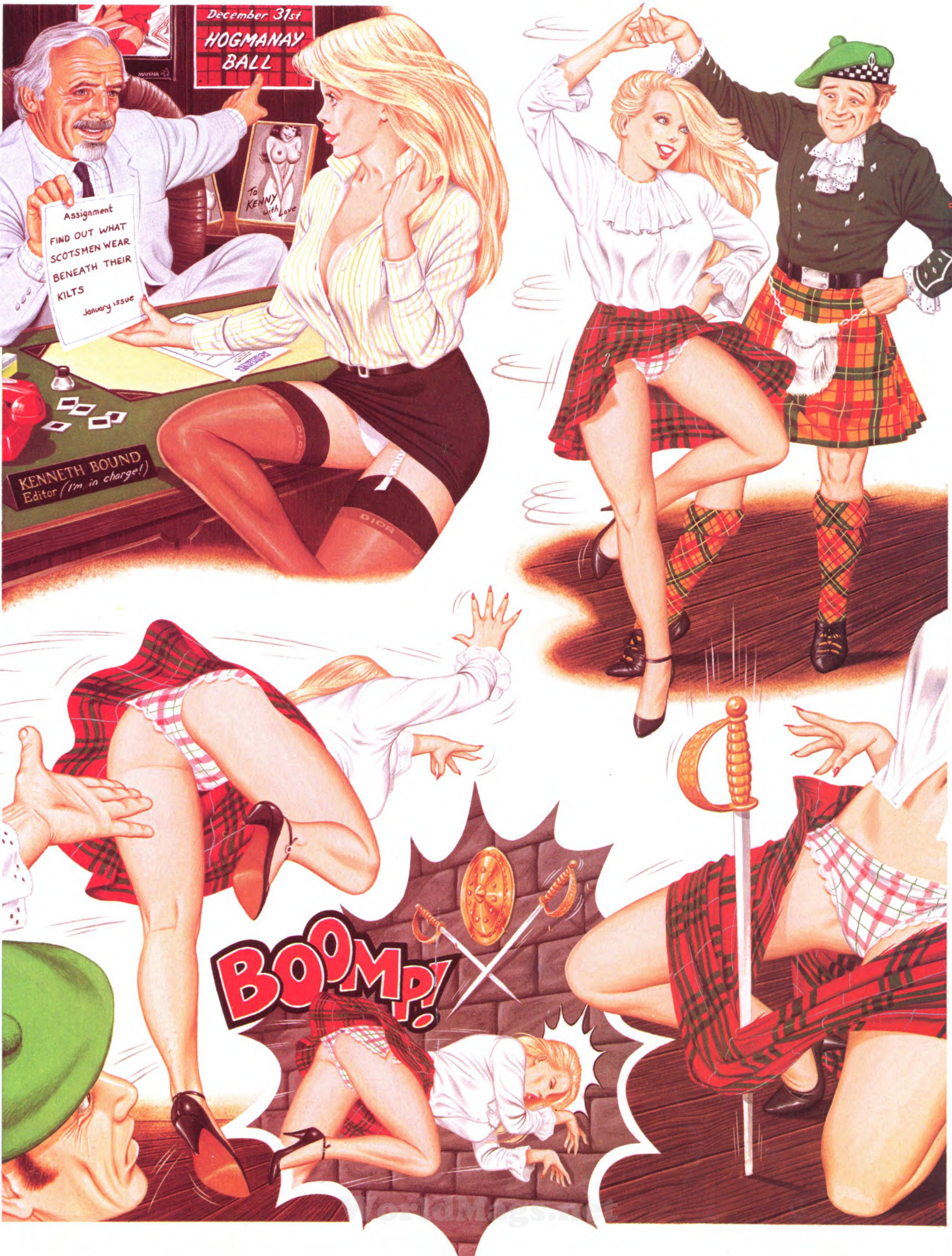
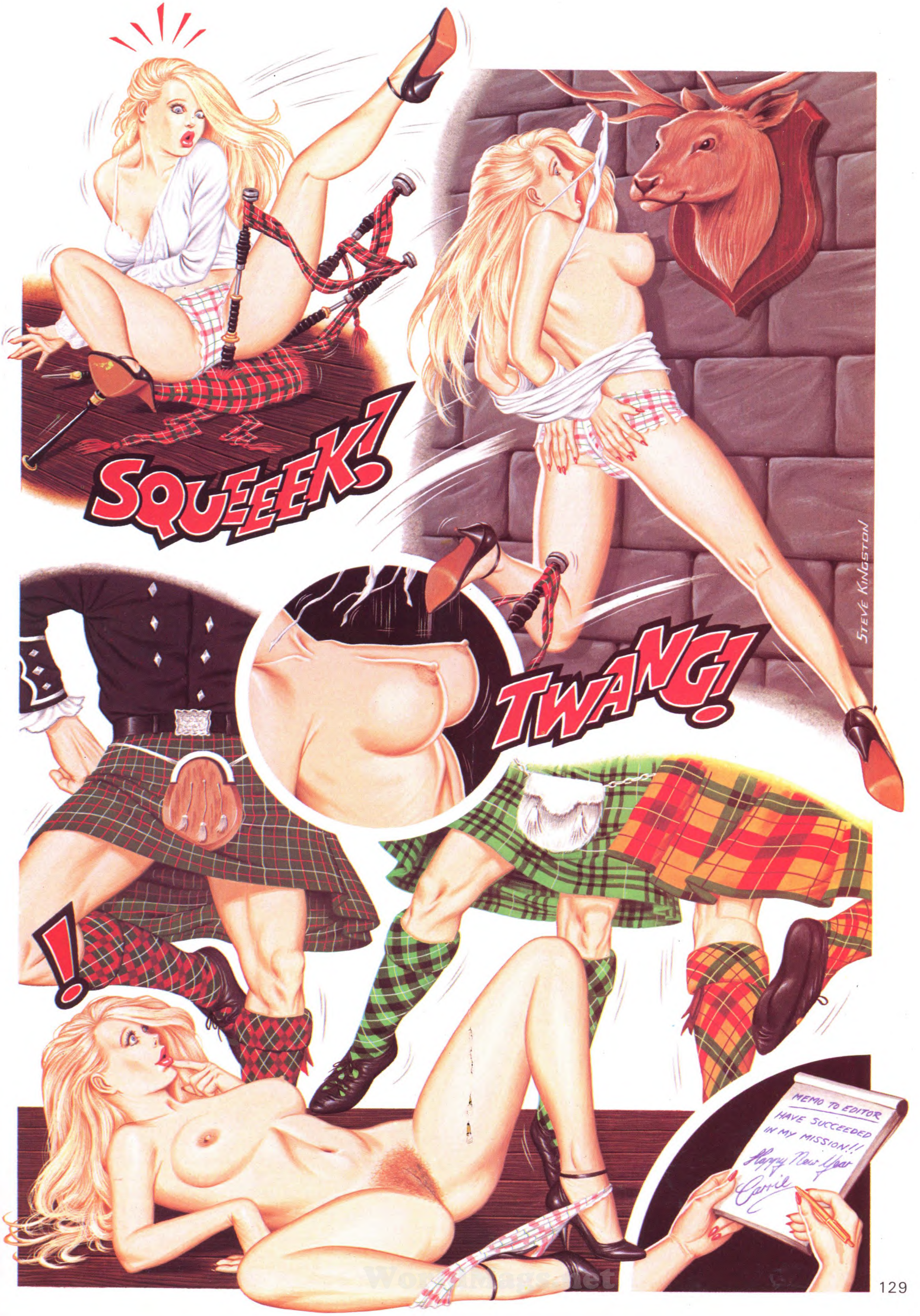
CARRIE

Great Scot! Carrie is sent on an undercover mission


December 31st
HOGMANAY BALL
To KENNY with Love
Assignment
FIND OUT WHAT SCOTSMEN WEAR BENEATH THEIR KILTS
January issue
KENNETH BOUND
Editor (I'm in charge!)
DIOR
BOOMP!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MEMO TO EDITOR
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Happy New Year
Carrie

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